SAIGON FROM A ROOFTOP THOMAS W. PEW, Jr.

THE NATION

FEBRUARY 19, 1968 35 cents

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LETTERS

Chicago's reputation

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Christopher Z. Hobson's letter [*The Nation*, Jan. 8] says the University of Chicago's "libertarian reputation is no longer deserved." Basis: the nonrenewing of Jesse Lemisch's contract after the trial three-year term (plus an extra year to give him more time to find a job); a claim that Staughton Lynd wasn't hired because of a statement made on Lemisch's behalf; remarks by three members of the faculty . . . and the temporary suspension of fifty-eight students for refusing to move their demonstration outside the Administration Building.

As to Lemisch, I wasn't part of the discussions, but I've heard the story of the other side, and it isn't Hobson's. . . . As to Lynd, I heard he'd been asked to discuss his interest in an appointment by the chairman of the Social Thought Committee after the man learned Lynd had been unjustly cut off from a job by a local college. Lynd was interested, the chairman went to ask people, found (1) there were no funds left (this was summertime and the appointment was for fall); and (2) the one or two historians around who'd read Lynd's stuff thought there were better people doing similar work. . . .

There's plenty wrong with Chicago, but of the twenty colleges and universities I've taught or studied at here and abroad, I think it's the openest, most free and best. (I receive no bonus for this and can't be fired short of murder.) I don't mean it shouldn't be criticized every day; just that it can be defended from any political quarter. Even Hobson's letter is useful: it reminds people in such institutions as this that they'd better spell decisions out clearly. . . .

Richard Stern
Department of English, University of Chicago

correction

The Nation regrets that changes in wording, introduced in cutting Christopher Z. Hobson's letter [Jan. 8] on Prof. Jesse Lemisch's firing from the University of Chicago, had the effect of altering Mr. Hobson's meaning. The final sentence as printed concludes: "Chicago's libertarian reputation is no longer deserved." Mr. Hobson wrote: "not now deserved, if indeed it ever was." *The Nation* notes that its rewording deletes Mr. Hobson's question as to the validity of Chicago's past libertarian reputation. Similarly, an earlier sentence, "Is a political firing alien to the spirit of the University of Chicago?" was changed to read: "alien to the present spirit." We regret that the published text conveys a meaning different from the one Mr. Hobson intended. *Editors*

San Francisco State

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation* has launched a veritable press campaign against San Francisco State's student radicals and their organizations (Movement Against Political Suspensions; Black Students' Union). In attempting to maintain SF State's liberal image, John Shover and Marshall Windmiller (Dec. 18) and David Swanston (Jan. 8) resort to larger-than-life descriptions, falsification and mystification of the issues. Shover persists in characterizing the campus war recruiting question as one of free speech (an argument that even Windmiller rejects). Moreover, Shover argues that the war crisis convocation provided

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EDITORIALS

Thoughts in a Dry Season

The political situation could hardly be more desperate than at this moment it appears to be. The Democrats will almost certainly nominate Johnson (it is always possible that he may withdraw), the Republicans may well nominate Nixon, and this would probably mean that Johnson, with an assist from George Wallace, would be re-elected. All the same, *The Nation* has no intention of "copping out" on the 1968 election and therefore offers these modest suggestions.

As we see it, "dissenting" Democrats should by all means support Sen. Eugene McCarthy. To be sure, his name will appear in only a few primaries, but committees have been formed to aid his candidacy in other states and these committees could turn out to be both useful and important. True, he has declared no intention of carrying the fight beyond the convention, but it is unrealistic to expect an incumbent Senator to repudiate his party in advance of the convention. Some "dissenting" Democrats find fault with the Senator's style of campaigning; others would no doubt have preferred Sen. Robert Kennedy in the challenger's role. But Kennedy has taken himself out of consideration, and as to McCarthy's style it may have a wider appeal than his critics imagine. Writing in *The New York Times* from New Hampshire, Tom Wicker observes that McCarthy's methods of presenting a self rather than an image and of assuming that his audience will understand his points and respond sensibly to his ideas seem to work well for him among the New Englanders. The pros will continue to cry for hokum, but the pros have been confounded often enough by their professional bias for dismissing the public as fools. The case for McCarthy is quite simple: he is the one candidate, at the moment, who is opposed to the war. It is said that a low vote for him will aid Johnson, but that is surely the best reason for making that vote as large as possible, by giving Senator McCarthy the support he deserves and has every right to expect from those who oppose the war.

Unfortunately, some of the "anti-war" groups are running harder at the moment against McCarthy than they are against Johnson. A part of the New Left favors a boycott not merely of the election but of electoral politics as currently practiced. Another wing of the New Left has qualified a new party devoted to Peace and Freedom in California and there are somewhat similar movements elsewhere. The Negro militants are no doubt formulating their own plans, but to date they have shown little direct concern with the war in Vietnam. It is fine that some of these groups are looking ahead and planning for the future, but in the future we may all be dead. The immediate objective should be to impose the maximum restraint on Johnson, in the hope that his war policies can be modified or reversed after the election. Let each of the groups that oppose the war do their special "thing" but let all of them keep the immediate objective in mind. Peace and Freedom partisans in California, by re-registering in April, could vote for McCarthy in the Democratic

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primary and still vote for the Peace and Freedom ticket in November. Psychologically this would be like voting against Johnson twice. And by November, many Democrats and Republicans may want to cast a protest vote.

McCarthy's candidacy does not stand alone. Democrats with a conscience will want to do everything in their power to help re-elect seven Democratic Senators who have opposed the war: Fulbright, Morse, Gruening, Nelson, McGovern, Church and Clark. Not to support these men would be base ingratitude; it would also be the stupidest kind of "anti-politics." Republicans who oppose the war should support Senators Morton, Aiken and Javits. Let them do what they can to prevent the nomination of Nixon. The limited logic of the two-party system —and it is very limited indeed at the moment—suggests that the best hope of terminating the war lies in a Republican victory (see: "Calculus for '68" by Eldon Kenworthy, *The Nation,* January 8). A Republican victory would mean a change of personnel, a pause, an opportunity to reconsider present policies. The Republicans have a responsibility for the war, but they do not have a vested interest in the disastrous policies of the Johnson Administration. It is doubtful, as Senator Aiken and others have suggested, that the Democrats can terminate this war; the Republicans might. Of course the GOP may yield to its quadrennial death wish and nominate Nixon, but the remarkable build-up for Rockefeller of recent weeks is an indication that the party may really want to win this election. Recent events in Vietnam, we are convinced, have whetted the national appetite for new leadership. At some point soon, we hope, Governor Rockefeller will make himself "available"—if only so that he will feel free to speak out on national issues. On balance he has made a good record as Governor (see articles p. 234) but the public wants to know what he thinks about the war.

Goliath Entrapped

The Vietnamese David may have to give up all the ground he gained in the Tet offensive, but the war will never be the same again. Goliath is in a state of shock—the nation-wide Vietcong assault has left Washington "numb, grim and off-balance." Goliath will recover, but only partially; a permanent trauma has been inflicted. (See "Saigon from a Rooftop" by Thomas W. Pew, Jr., in this issue.)

The explanations for what happened are as important as the things that happened, because the explanations are by their nature predictive. Not precisely the same mistakes will be made, but with the same people in charge mistakes which look different but are the same at bottom are a practical certainty. It is therefore interesting to compare the diagnoses of two writers, working for different papers, who were so far apart geographically that it is impossible to believe they had any communication. In *The Washington Post,* and writing in Washington, Ward Just says that most officials there view the past week "as a political disaster for the Allies." It was a week, he goes on to say, "in which the Johnson Administration more than ever resembled a Chinese court, with the mandarins assembled to tell the leadership what it wanted to hear." In *The Wall*

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No. 8

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Street Journal (February 6) Robert Keatley, writing from Hong Kong, explains that at the operational level ". . . bureaucracies fall back on ways and clichés they know best. . . . They live in their little compounds and read their own propaganda and eventually they begin to believe that stuff." Keatley is quoting a military man from another country, but he probably agrees, and so does many another newsman in that part of the world.

While Goliath is tied into knots, what passes through the mind of Lyndon B. Johnson, who escalated from some 16,000 "advisers" in Vietnam to 500,000 support and combat troops, plus the Seventh Fleet? One wonders whose advice started him off on this fatal course. Evidently he expected a fairly easy victory at modest expense in lives and money, after which he would emerge as the victorious war President who accomplished with wisdom and resolution what his predecessors had failed to do. Then, as the going became tough, he embarked on the "credibility gap."

Jack Newfield in the *Village Voice,* not being subject to the inhibitions of a White House reporter, says that Johnson lies by instinct. This is somewhat wide of the mark. He lies only to the extent necessitated by his weird view of the world, and more often than not he believes what he is saying, or hopes it will come true before long. He probably envisions himself as a Franklin D. Roosevelt or Winston Churchill standing firm against "appeasers." He is himself the prisoner of twenty years of American cold-war myths, and there is no one left to disillusion him. His military advisers suffer from the same psychosis—not in the strict clinical sense, but by the nature of their occupation and the rigidity of their minds. The intelligent retired admirals and generals who could save him do not have his ear; at least have not had it up to now. If he would call together True, Shoup, Hughes, Gavin, Griffith and the dozen or so who have spoken out against the war, he would learn the truth, but acting on it politically would still be the problem.

Perhaps, however, Mr. Johnson is contemplating some such move. At a White House lunch of his regular advisers—Walt W. Rostow, Richard Helms, et al.—the photograph shows Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway (U.S.A. Ret.), former commander in Korea (after MacArthur) and a dissenter from the present Vietnamese policy. His jaw cupped in his fist, Mr. Johnson is gazing fixedly in the direction of General Ridgway, who returns the gaze with the expression of a man who has just uttered a mouthful and is ready with more. A transcript of the discussion would be enlightening to the citizens who are sending their sons and their taxes into the bottomless pit.

On Camera

In what one of his interrogators on *Meet the Press* called his "valedictory mood," Secretary McNamara quoted four lines from Eliot's "Little Gidding":

> *We shall not cease from exploration*
> *And the end of all our exploring*
> *Will be to arrive where we started*
> *And know the place for the first time.*

Never in public had the Secretary seemed more human, as these lines helped him search for the innocence of good instincts and the expiation of errors which apparently he no longer wished to let stand unacknowledged. He specified but one of these, his sponsorship of the Cuban invasion which ended in the Bay of Pigs, and would perhaps have mentioned others but for the restraining influence of his immediate neighbor, the Secretary of State. Once he turned toward Mr. Rusk with a laughing comment; he met no answering smile. That famous egg-like surface permitted no departure from public impassivity (except perhaps for an eye gleam and tiny smile at a rapid put-down of Roger Hilsman).

One wondered about this impassivity. Is it only diplomatic cool? Does it mask a deep need for the quick, uniform, high-souled brutality which military action best supplies? Does it enforce the suppression of what might lead to the relaxed privileges his seat-neighbor was beginning to take? Asked by Peter Lisagor of the Chicago *Daily News* about South Vietnamese indifference to the government of President Thieu, Secretary Rusk responded that of course there were villagers in South Vietnam as elsewhere whose only concerns were crops, healthy babies and protection from marauders.

What connection was there between that answer and the poverty-stricken Georgia boy who threw coal at trains in the hope that firemen would throw enough coal back to heat the family home? How close were we to the adolescent who put on the military uniform which masked that poverty. The impassivity erased the distance, but in "Little Gidding" there were other guiding lines:

> *There are three conditions which often look alike*
> *Yet differ completely, flourish in the same hedgerow;*
> *Attachment to self and to things and to persons,*
> *detachment*
> *From self and from things and from persons; and,*
> *growing between them, indifference*
> *Which resembles the others as death resembles life. . . .*

Did that famous face which somehow seemed its own death mask exemplify that lethal indifference, or was it only a fatigued exemplification of Lord Acton's terrible maxim on power?

RICHARD STERN

Key Man in the Complex

In the governmental-corporate elite of Washington, Clark Clifford has for many years been an astute, informed and influential figure quite without parallel. The lengthy summary of his clients and connections by Richard Harwood of *The Washington Post* lists Time, Inc., E. I. du Pont de Nemours, General Electric, International Telephone and Telegraph, American Broadcasting Company, Hughes Tool, Phillips Petroleum and other oil companies, El Paso Natural Gas and various Wall Street mutual funds, pharmaceutical companies, sugar companies, railroads and what-not. His public confidants have included John F. Kennedy, whose personal lawyer he was before Kennedy became President, Lyndon B. Johnson and Lady Bird, Stuart Symington, Cabinet officers, Congressmen, minor White House advisers (he being the chief one himself)—in short, a considerable proportion of the Who's Who of the federal Establishment. And in whatever capacities

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he functioned, Clifford has been, in effect, the principal liaison figure between big government and big business.

Therein lies the difficulty. A Charles E. Wilson or a Robert S. McNamara could sell his stock and cut himself off effectively enough from his former employer to satisfy the conflict-of-interests statutes, but how does a Clark Clifford go about such surgery? He did not practice law in the conventional sense. He did not lobby—such opportunisms were beneath him. He was never seen in the courtrooms and hearing chambers of Washington; such appearances, when necessary, he delegated to others. He confined himself to major problems, involving more often hundreds of millions rather than millions in small denominations: in the case of the divestiture of the controlling stock interest in General Motors by the du Ponts, he saved the family some $2 billion in taxes.

Now, atop the Pentagon, how does he go about divesting himself of these corporate and private interests and erecting a wall between his Defense Department duties and his multitudinous prior activities? Harwood says that by his own account Clifford worked as a planner, adviser and interpreter of the ways of government to his clients and the ways of his clients to the government, the two groups being on roughly equal terms. Clifford's law firm has been described as "a kind of Central Intelligence Agency, collecting day after day the 'unwritten knowledge' of Washington on which great policy decisions are based." But many of these former clients of his, who acted on that unwritten knowledge, are major defense contractors —General Electric alone had defense orders in 1967 totaling nearly $1.3 billion. Clifford must continue to do business with G.E.—only now he will be sitting on the other side of the table and bargaining at arm's length with these and scores of other contractors. And to make matters more complicated, he is a palpable hawk, like the President himself and the President's two other intimate advisers, Dean Acheson and Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas. It will be surprising if the military-industrial complex suffers any loss of that undue influence against which General Eisenhower warned us before repairing to the golf links.

Pictures To Remember

Time was when a great metropolitan newspaper, having done its bit to get the United States into a righteous war, hired a star reporter to tell the home folks about our victories in glowing prose. Some first-rate reporters are or have been in Vietnam, but a war so squalid cannot produce heroic writing. It is not true that a picture is worth ten thousand words, or even ten—everything depends on the picture and on the words—but it is a fact that in this war the photographers, both still and movie, have brought the war into the living room with a greater emotional impact than anything the printed media—excellent as much of the reporting has been—has been able to convey. And it is often a perilous assignment: while exposing film, the photographer may be exposed to enemy fire.

The first round of photographs that had world impact was the immolations of the Buddhist monks. The motion picture of the old man sitting quietly in the pyre, and finally falling on his side in the still-glowing ashes, is perhaps the most horrible and unforgettable scene ever photographed.

The camera has brought the war into the home of every American. The Germans may claim that they knew nothing about the systematic murder of 6 million European Jews, and in some cases this may have been true—although one suspects that few civilians tried very hard to find out what was going on. But for us there can be no excuse. The photographers have shown us not only the battle scenes but the torture of Vietcong prisoners by Vietnamese government soldiers, while American officers stood by acquiescently. The latest exhibit did not involve torture, only cold-blooded murder. Brig. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the South Vietnamese equivalent of Beria and the other Soviet secret police chiefs, executed a young Vietcong on a Saigon street. The photo sequence, taken by Eddie Adams of the Associated Press, shows the guardian of South Vietnamese liberties with his pistol held to the captive's head just before firing, and a moment later pocketing his gun as the body tumbles to the street. The VC is alleged to be a political officer in civilian clothes; he looks more like a schoolboy. The Thieu-Ky government was caught off guard in every possible way over the Tet holiday; these photographs, probably intended to show the Vietcong what was in store for them, were radioed all over the world and have made the government's position still more precarious.

If the American public is not moved to revulsion by the TV pictures of the war and by the stills printed in the newspapers, John Jay Chapman's observation is apposite: if you don't resist evil, he said, you lose your sensibility. You are no longer able to distinguish between good and evil. This may be true of many Americans but it is not true in regard to a large and growing minority. Nor is it true of our friends, or whilom friends, abroad. *MacLean's*, the Canadian equivalent of *Life* (but with a quite different political slant) devotes 12 pages of its February issue and 20,000 words of reportage to the Vietnamese War. Like it or not, *MacLean's* says, we are involved; Canada exports no arms to Vietnam, but last year it sold upward of $500 million worth of military merchandise, mainly to the United States. "Questions of morality and decency," it says, "haunt the Western world." Some of the most gruesome photographs which have come out of Vietnam illustrate the text. A U.S. Naval Reserve flier doesn't need the pictures. "It turns out a lot like the Nazis, I guess," he concludes. "You do the job you're trained to do. If you let it get you down, if you go in there worrying about women and children, you can't do your job. It's a matter of survival, really—you've got to be able to fly that machine well all the time and you can't if you're up there haggling with your conscience."

The Vietnamese, those who are not in the pay of the Americans—or, what amounts to the same thing, in the pay of the Thieu-Ky regime—have no need for the pictures either. They see the real thing. The American general who declared that the Vietnamese hate the Vietcong needs either an opthalmologist or a psychiatrist. The Vietnamese faces in the streets of Saigon or Hue show plainly whom they hate: It is the Americans.

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SAIGON FROM A ROOFTOP

THOMAS W. PEW, JR.
Mr. Pew is editor and associate publisher of the Troy Daily News, *Troy, Ohio.*

Saigon

At the end of the fourth day, the Indian doorman at the Eden Roc Hotel raised the clattering metal shutters on the lobby and announced with an enormous grin and in his singsong English: "Fighting all stopped. VC all going away today."

During the siege it has been possible to guess just how things were going by his expression. When he looked dark and opened the shutter quickly to let us into the street and then banged it shut behind us we knew there was danger. When he smiled and stepped out of the stuffy lobby and onto the sidewalk we figured things were going well.

It's too bad the Eden Roc doorman couldn't be on the U.S. Army General Staff, or at least a doorman at the American Embassy. He no doubt knew, as did many of our Vietnamese friends, that nine battalions of Vietcong and North Vietnamese regulars (around 2,500 men, according to Brig. Gen. Phil Davidson) had entered the city from all sides on the night of January 29. Perhaps he was even aware that they had slipped into the city in twos and threes and met at pre-selected rallying points where they were issued weapons and two days' rations.

Americans in Saigon have read with interest reports from Washington that President Johnson claimed the Vietcong's "general uprising" to have been a "complete failure" from a military standpoint. Apparently the Commander in Chief is not on the same wave length with his staff in Vietnam, because General Davidson, the Military Air Command J-2, otherwise known as General Westmoreland's intelligence man, says: "A follow-on attack of the same size is a daily potential with known divisions of men held in reserve."

Furthermore, General Davidson affirms that "the main enemy concentration has remained quiet." He refers to the two divisions of North Vietnamese troops around the Khe Sanh, and the two other divisions that are known to be in the area just south of the DMZ. These divisions, according to his estimate, have about 35,000 to 40,000 combat-ready men fully equipped with modern weapons, and have with them regiments of rocket launchers.

General Davidson also said there were bits of information to indicate the possibility that another North Vietnamese division (the famous 308th that spearheaded the attack on the French at Dienbienphu) was in the vicinity of the DMZ by the South China Sea. And he mentioned thousands of troops, over and above the combat-ready forces, that are presumably committed there.

But his estimation of the Vietcong strength is not limited to the vicinity of the DMZ. When General Davidson says that "we should realize the enemy has not yet realized his full capability," he is referring to a capability throughout South Vietnam. He affirms that the Vietcong "has the capability to launch the same type of attack, of equal scope, and he could go at almost any time."

Such an estimation of the enemy is a far cry from Mr. Johnson's wishful thinking. Far from being a "complete failure," the attack was a skillfully executed and highly successful probe of the combined U.S. and ARVN strength. Its purpose was to confuse, disrupt and test the allied forces and, at the same time, to influence the people. To that extent, it was a complete success.

Indications that it was a probe and not a full-scale attack are to be found in the fact that not only were great forces withheld throughout the country, but Communist field commanders were apparently not at liberty to use certain powerful weapons at their disposal.

When this writer asked General Davidson why the big Tan Son Nhut air base just outside Saigon had not been hit with the same type of rockets that have brought such havoc to Danang on many occasions, he replied that we should wait and see about those rockets. He said, frankly, "We are in an on-going situation," and an "on-going situation" isn't, as the Commander in Chief labeled it to the American people, a "complete failure" from a military standpoint or any other standpoint.

The "on-going" situation has created a staggering 20,000 refugees in Saigon alone, and in the Mekong Delta area it has created another 125,000 refugees for the United States and the South Vietnamese to care for. The figures for the rest of the country are just as serious.

If this is not confusion and disruption on a grand scale, if it isn't "creating turmoil" (one of the Vietcong goals, according to General Davidson), then the meaning of those words has certainly changed. In fact, the only goal cited by General Davidson that the Communists didn't achieve was the fomenting of a general uprising, and it is anything but certain that they really expected it. As the Vietcong well knows, the average South Vietnamese is apathetic and incapable of an uprising.

It is true the Communist losses were heavy, but then it is true that they have never been ones to shrink from heavy losses—and there are always those 65,000 uncommitted troops to keep the on-going situation on-going. Furthermore, the incredibly well-coordinated attack on all quarters of the country at once tested and proved what must be one of the most highly developed communications systems in modern warfare—all the more fantastic since U.S. intelligence doesn't even know how it operates. The logistics accomplishment of supplying arms and ammunition and food to many thousands of men who are supposed to be operating in a hostile environment without open use of roads and without air power speaks for itself.

If one of the Vietcong's intentions, as is reported, was to impress the people, then the people most certainly have been impressed. And among those who have been most impressed are the many Americans who climbed to the roofs of their hotels in Saigon at all hours of the day and night to watch the battles below in a city they had believed secure.

The roof of the Eden Roc Hotel, on Tudo Street in the heart of the city but not far from the Saigon River, offered an ideal crow's-nest for spotting the course of the Com-

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munist probe as it raged day and night in every quarter of the city. Some Americans would bring their evening cocktails to the roof and sip drinks and munch on cheese and crackers and Gibson onions as they pointed out particularly sensational aspects of the fire fights.

During the day it was possible to watch the jets peel out of formation, swoop down from the sky and deposit flaming balls of napalm on the outskirts of the city. A Norwegian correspondent wondered aloud how many women and children were burning up in the hell's inferno those bombs ignite. With nightfall, the mortar flares began going up into the sky over the city, creating strange little perverted suns that threw weird shadows among the buildings as they danced toward the ground on miniature parachutes.

When a VC force was definitely spotted in a section of the city, the helicopter gun ships would fly in and the Gatling-gun armed planes (Puff the Magic Dragon) would appear on the horizon. Flying over the target and sometimes firing two cannons, they belched out thousands of rounds of tracer bullets that cascaded from the sky in a liquid spray. Within an hour after dark for three days fires could be seen blazing all around the city, some of them started by the allies and some by the VC.

At the tailor shop just across the street from the Eden Roc a squad of White Mice, as the Vietnamese police are called, appeared suddenly and quietly. Watching from the 8th floor we could see them fan out into position in the street just as football players are seen from the press box going into a well-practiced play.

One stood behind the jeep nervously fidgeting with his machine gun, another was behind the tree to the right of the door. One crouched behind a garbage can overflowing with accumulated trash and two deep flankers were down the street on the sidewalk pressed up against the building.

When they were all in formation, three raiders went up the middle. The metal shutter rattled to their knock and it was no more than cracked when they had forced their way inside. For a few moments all was quiet. Then one of the men appeared at the door and waved the jeep away. Within minutes the jeep returned, followed by a truck loaded with reinforcements.

Finally the two policemen who had remained in the shop reappeared in the doorway with a single man. He was quickly escorted to the jeep and within an instant both vehicles, the police and the suspect were gone into the night without a sound. The doorman appeared on the roof and announced: "Plastic charge: they find plastic charge." Later, we heard that it wasn't true, but that night the VC came to the doorman's house and killed one of his family. It was earlier that day that he had said they were all gone.

MIAMI DECLARES WAR

EPIDEMIC OF 'LAW AND ORDER'

GEORGE LARDNER, Jr.
Mr. Lardner, a reporter on The Washington Post, *was formerly on the staff of* The Miami Herald.

Miami

Walter Headley is a gruff, heavyset ex-cavalryman who still parts his hair down the middle and wears a Masonic pin in his lapel. He looks like a police commissioner from some movie of the 1930s.

Unlike the movies, Walter Headley has not faded. He is in his twentieth year as Miami's chief of police. Two scrappy mayors fought long and hard to have him removed. Both are in their graves. Headley, 62, is still riding horseback in Orange Bowl parades. Now, almost overnight, he has become the hero of the nation's law-and-order circuit.

The chief won his current eminence the day after Christmas when he "declared war" on lawbreakers in Miami's Negro districts. Angered by an outburst of violence during the Christmas weekend, he proclaimed the crackdown with a harsh, brusque rhetoric that sped across the country. According to Headley there had been fifty-eight robberies and strong-arm holdups, fifty-five of them committed by Negroes. Three of the victims were slain.

"We don't mind being accused of police brutality," Headley rumbled into the TV cameras. "They haven't seen anything yet. . . . We're going to use shotguns and dogs to stop them from now on. . . . Felons will learn that they can't be bonded out of the morgue."

Turning to civil disorders that stem from discontent, the chief again vowed to meet violence with violence if necessary. "We haven't had any serious problems with civil uprisings and looting [in Miami]," he asserted, "because I've let the word filter down that when the looting starts, the shooting starts."

It is a measure of the national mood that Headley has been far more praised than condemned for his outburst. Some criticized his "inflammatory" talk; a state NAACP official called for his resignation; CORE's Floyd McKissick accused him of "setting up the first Fascist state of Miami." Yet the chief struck a chord that will not be easily quieted.

The oracle of law and order was Barry Goldwater. Now it is evident everywhere, from the newsletters of Herbert A. (*I Led Three Lives*) Philbrick's United States Anti-Communist Congress to President Johnson's State of the Union message. Republicans and Democrats alike are bidding for the law-and-order vote in election-year platforms and speeches. "Crime" has become a political shibboleth of reaction—reaction which deplores not only robbery and rape but Supreme Court decisions, draft-card burnings and, most of all, urban riots.

The message from Miami reflects it all. Headley's imme-

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diate target was everyday street crime, but his underlying emphasis was, as it is elsewhere, on race and riots. "Ninety per cent of our Negro population is law-abiding and wants to eliminate our crime problem," Headley said. "But 10 per cent are hoodlums who have taken advantage of the civil rights campaign." To one reporter, he added: "I'm fed up with holding back. . . . When we pick them up, they throw civil rights in our faces. They know we can't do anything to them."

The police chief vowed to reverse the trend with stepped-up patrols bolstered by shotguns and dogs. His men were told to enforce Miami's "stop and frisk" ordinance on young gangs loitering on street corners and in bars and poolrooms.

"Community relations and all that sort of thing has failed," Headley complained, with the controversial flair that has become his trademark. "We have done everything we could, sending speakers out and meeting with Negro leaders, but it has amounted to nothing."

The chief's performance sent shivers through the ghettos, tensed to see how it might be translated by the men on the beat. The fact that not one of three who died in the violence was a Negro made many suspicious of the motives for the crackdown and it made the imminent confrontation the more dangerous.

The next night, members of Headley's newly formed tactical squad, carrying shotguns and carbines, tromped through Negro night spots, calling for IDs and checking for weapons. Even two off-duty deputies from the Dade County Sheriff's Department found themselves frisked. The police picked up fifteen knives, three guns and plenty of resentment. It was duly reported by a third off-duty deputy, Marvin Wiley, who had stationed himself among the hundreds of patrons at the first night club Headley's men visited. Wiley is a full-time community relations service officer for the Sheriff's Department. (There is no such job in Headley's office.) "The people were teed off," he reported later. "They said things like, 'This ain't gonna cause nothin' but trouble.' " One Negro merchant and civil leader warned: "It wouldn't take much to touch off an insurrection."

The fears have solid foundation. A recent Brandeis University study of 218 racial outbreaks across the country shows that only five could be blamed on agitators while some seventy of them, or 30 per cent, were touched off by "confrontations between the police and the [Negro] community."

Since that first-night show of force, however, police have not again swept through the bars. The crackdown has become much less visible, the dogs and shotguns being kept in the patrol cars instead of out on street display. Many Negroes are convinced that Headley has "backed down."

The rumple-faced World War I cavalryman says he hasn't retreated an inch. It is the hoodlums, Headley declares, who have backed down. "Some say the criminals are just 'cooling it' until the heat's off," the chief says, "but the heat's never going to go off." Within a month of the crackdown, he adds, robberies and strong-arm holdups have dropped as much as 65 per cent.

Headley's critics say the statistics prove nothing. Dr. John O. Brown, local vice chairman of CORE, points out that shopping, with or without a gun, usually drops off after Christmas anyway. But what upsets the critics even more is the backhanded slap the chief has dealt to community relations, a cause about which it might be said that Walter Headley cares very little. When Negro leaders hastily called a meeting last June in the face of widespread rumors of riot, Sheriff Wilson E. Purdy listened for four hours; Headley sent a subordinate. The meeting was held outside Miami's city limits. "Why I should go out somewhere in the boondocks," Headley blustered, "I don't know."

It makes his support among many, usually older, Negroes all the more remarkable. Apparently, they have been without adequate police protection so long that they are in no mood to quibble. Shotguns and dogs? Says Rev. Thedford Johnson of St. John's Baptist Church: "They could justify machine guns and lions if that's what it took to wipe out crime in our streets."

No one denies that the crime rate in the slums of Miami or in any big city ghetto is far too high. Says Mrs. Athalie Range, Miami's only Negro city commissioner: "I would be the first to admit we must get tough if we are to survive." Headley says police statistics show that 85 per cent of the city's crimes of violence involve Negroes. But he prefers to describe his headaches in terms of "punks" and the restraints imposed by Supreme Court decisions. He waves off his critics as "do-gooders" and "bleeding hearts." "Don't these people know that most of the crimes in the Negro district are against Negroes?" he asks. "Everyone knows I'm not a racist."

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Civil rights leaders respond that the distinction may be lost on the men in uniform. In any event, Headley himself has been attacked not so much on grounds of racism as for being "a police chief from another era" when precinct-station concepts of civil liberties, much less civil rights, were at best primitive. That era, some fear (and others hope), is itching to make a comeback—in the name of "law and order."

In the old days, even Headley concedes, police were apt to shrug off nighttime complaints from the Liberty City section of town as "just another nigger cutting." Now, compelled to deal with rising crime rates in ghettos that threaten to go up in flames, Headley and many of his colleagues profess to see no solution except to "get tough." In his public pronouncements, at least, Headley has come close to giving his officers a free hand. Up to now, he has said, the police "were more or less anticipating court decisions and perhaps holding off a little. Now we are going to start jailing them. Let the courts do what they will. If they turn them loose, we will pick them up again."

So far in Miami, however, it has been primarily psychological warfare. As the crackdown has become less obtrusive, so has the community's apprehension. A successful veteran of Miami's political wars, Headley has sought to sweeten his local image somewhat by agreeing that community relations has a value, and by denying any intention to impose a reign of terror. But Negro youths who continue to cluster on the sidewalks or venture into the poolrooms are still being stopped and frisked or even picked up and, according to some reports, they are growing increasingly resentful and bitter. Just this month, Headley was forced to drop one policeman and suspend another for allegedly stripping a 17-year-old Negro down to his shorts and dangling him by his heels from a highway overpass. Underlying all this, the threatening rhetoric remains, ripe for nation-wide emulation.

"I don't regret a damn thing I've said," Headley declares. "I hope it's contagious."

That it is proving contagious can already be detected in city after city. Newark (N.J.) Mayor Frank Addonizio declares enthusiastically that Chief Headley "has acted as a catalyst for all police departments around the country." In Chicago, where the Democratic National Convention will be held, Mayor Richard Daley told the City Council: "The rioters aren't going to take over any convention or any street or any city—no matter how many or where they come from." Similar declarations have been made by officials in Jersey City, Philadelphia and North Little Rock, Ark. Law men from Los Angeles, Philadelphia and Detroit are investing in armored cars. In Kansas City, Mo., police have been training private citizens in the use of firearms—on the ground that they ought to be taught how to handle the weapons they've already bought.

President Johnson struck the chord again in his State of the Union message. "The American people," he said, doubling the funds he hopes to get in his "safe streets" bill, "have had enough of rising crime and lawlessness." His denunciation of violence and those who preach it touched off the only spontaneous bursts of applause that his Congressional audience accorded the pedestrian fifty-one minute speech.

The GOP is pushing the theme even harder. It didn't work for Barry Goldwater in 1964, but as House Minority Leader Gerald Ford (R., Mich.) has said, Goldwater

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"didn't have the ferment. The crime issue is much more dramatic now than it was in 1964."

Rep. Charles E. Goodell of New York, another influential House Republican, likens it to Vietnam in the anxieties it causes. "It's unsettling people, making them unhappy and frustrated," he says. "It's not a clear-cut issue. It's an accumulation of a whole variety of factors."

"Murder is epidemic; rape is commonplace," complained Rep. Richard H. Poff (R., Va.), chairman of the House GOP Task Force on Crime, in the Republicans' generally lackluster reply to the President's message. "Crime has grown six times as fast as population. . . . The American people want the 'enforcement' put back into law enforcement."

Plainly, crime attracts far more hawks than does Vietnam. In Miami, Headley says he has gotten 6,000 letters and telegrams of support—and only twenty-two criticizing him. "Most of these," he sneers, "didn't have the courage to sign their names." Meanwhile, his department has been flooded with inquiries about joining the force—more in the past month than in the entire preceding ten years. Most of these came from policemen in other cities where, presumably, there are still some restraints on putting the "enforcement" into law enforcement.

The 6 ft. 3, 265-pound Headley insists that his is the only language the "punks" can understand. He recalls with relish how last fall "some do-gooder came into the office with two punks" his men had accosted in a poolroom. One of the youths began blurting out his complaints.

"He said, 'The cop did this, the cop did that, the cop did the other thing,' " Headley mimicked. "I told him to say 'policeman, not cop.' And he says, 'Oh, you don't like to be called "cop," huh?' "

Headley beamed for his punch line. "I said, 'Not any more than you like to be called nigger.' "

This is community relations, Miami style. Spread that across the country, then add a dash of black power. It takes no prophet to guess the consequences.

WAITING FOR ROCKY

Trials of a Non-Candidate

JAMES DESMOND
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The peculiar political posture of Nelson A. Rockefeller in the 1968 Presidential election, which dismays his friends and foes alike, is certain to continue until March 22. That is the last day for filing declinations in the Oregon primary, and Rockefeller, despite a plethora of press-agent attempts to sweep the problem under the rug, is morally and politically committed to hold open his option to enter the contest as a last resort. He hasn't and can't shut the door.

Morally, the New York Governor, remembering his bitter experience in 1964 when the forces of Sen. Barry Goldwater sewed up the nomination long before the delegates knew it, is pledged to the concept that the delegates at the 1968 Miami convention will have a choice. An "open convention," he has insisted repeatedly, is essential if the Republican Party is to regain its force in American life. Politically, that means that the delegates must be offered an alternative to Richard M. Nixon, now shown by the polls to have a virtual lock on the nomination if he can sweep the New Hampshire and Wisconsin primaries against the faltering George Romney.

And Rockefeller, a far more sophisticated and practical politician than he was in his stabs at the nomination in 1960 and 1964, is realist enough to know that if Romney is walloped in the primaries, he himself is the only alternative in sight. The others mentioned, Sen. Charles Percy of Illinois and Gov. Ronald Reagan of California, have conspicuously failed to generate any national enthusiasm that would make them fitting stand-ins should Romney go down. In fact, the very mention of Reagan sends shudders through the liberal wing of the Eastern Republican establishment, which this year is making overtures to Rockefeller, after spurning him in 1960 and 1964.

The box Rockefeller finds himself in is, of course, largely of his own making. His early commitment to Romney as the best hope to wrest control of the Republican Party from the Goldwaterites of 1964 has largely tied his hands. As Rockefeller has himself pointed out, he cannot declare himself on national and domestic affairs in this time of crisis in American life without seeming to inject himself into the nomination contest against Romney.

Yet Rockefeller, although he has scrupulously kept his promise to Romney, may be the instrument of the Michigan Governor's defeat. For if the unauthorized write-in campaign for the New Yorker in unpredictable New Hampshire should draw a significant number of votes, Romney would be the one most likely to suffer. How that campaign is going is impossible to assess. Political observers, made cautious by Henry Cabot Lodge's stunning defeat of Rockefeller and Goldwater in 1964, are unwilling even to guess. But Rockefeller was closing fast on Goldwater in the 1964 primary until Lodge joined the race, and presumably residual loyalties will channel a large bloc of votes to his non-candidate banner.

Rockefeller has said that the Romney campaign will get rolling if the Michigan Governor polls 35 per cent of the vote in the New Hampshire primary on March 12. But Romney's own campaign manager in Wisconsin, Wilbur Renk, insists that Romney must come to that state backed by 45 per cent of the New Hampshire vote, if he is to have a chance in Wisconsin's primary on April 2.

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And between those two dates falls Rockefeller's moment of decision on March 22 in Oregon. For while the Oregon secretary of state, Clay Myers, a Republican, is vested with discretion to name primary candidates, he must by law include any prospective candidate "recognized in national news media" as a possible contender. And no one can doubt that the national news media recognize Rockefeller as a potential contender at the convention, if not in the primaries.

Oregon is a cruel pinch for Rockefeller. On the one hand, if he decides to let his name stand on the Oregon ballot before the Wisconsin test is recorded, he will lay himself open to the charge that he used Romney as a stalking-horse in New Hampshire (it is unlikely that the Michigan Governor will withdraw from the contest if he makes a poor showing in New Hampshire). On the other hand, Rockefeller's well-wishers in Oregon, who have an unofficial write-in campaign already going to cover the eventuality that he removes his name from the ballot, might well lose their enthusiasm if he declines. And there is a group in high Republican circles that believes that Rockefeller, who beat out Goldwater in 1964 largely on a campaign keyed to the chant, "I have come to Oregon" (something Goldwater neglected to do), must show himself to the people, if he seriously intends to put up a fight for an "open" convention.

Although Gov. Tom McCall is actively supporting Rockefeller in Oregon, and Sen. Mark O. Hatfield is said to be just about ready to enlist in the cause, there is a distinct pressure to persuade the New Yorker that a write-in, if Romney fades, is a chancy thing under the best of circumstances and that the circumstances may not be the best if Nixon makes a primary sweep.

All of which means that Rockefeller's options on his future are rapidly narrowing. How far he can go with Romney—unless the Michigan Governor's campaign shows signs of developing more power than has been apparent so far—is one of the big questions he must answer, and answer soon. Sticking too long with Romney could foreclose the contest and give Nixon, who shows up in the polls as the favorite of the Republican press, an uncontested nomination.

Rockefeller has one small opening available to him if he allows the Romney campaign to run its course. He has said that he will go to the convention as New York's favorite son if that is necessary to preserve unity in the state party. That could give him a tiny wedge to make a last-ditch fight at the convention itself. But it is viewed as foredoomed, because by August the states will have to commit themselves to Nixon, if he locks up the nomination, or face reprisals from the possible next President. That is a risk few pros like to take.

Meanwhile Rockefeller, unable at the moment to offer encouragement to his friends, has nevertheless kept himself out of range of foes who would like nothing better than to pin him down this far before Election Day on the pressing issues of the day—meaning specifically the Asian war crisis.

The Rockefeller Decade

JEROME L. WILSON
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Albany

If Nelson Rockefeller were to be elected President in 1968, he would have completed nine years as Governor of New York State. Since his election is at least possible, the manner in which Mr. Rockefeller has governed New York becomes a subject of national importance.

One first thinks of power when reviewing the gubernatorial years of Nelson Rockefeller—the easy, unself-conscious exercise of the will of one over the state's 17 million. This exercise is most clearly manifest in an awesome assemblage of bricks and mortar. For perhaps no governor has altered the public physical environment of New York State as has Mr. Rockefeller. (Gov. DeWitt Clinton's building of the Erie Canal is the possible exception.)

In a way, therefore, it is easy to compile the record of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, because it consists of things—not tone, not concept. Since he took office in 1959, his administration has built enough new dormitories and aca-

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demic facilities to accommodate more than 100,000 new full-time students at the State University. New York's highway system has been extended by 12,000 miles—"enough to stretch to Hawaii and back," the Governor's advertisements boasted during the 1966 re-election campaign. There are 50,000 new middle-income apartments; 120 new commuter cars, with hundreds more on the way. The state's mental patients have been provided with 11,000 new beds and the buildings to house them; by next year there will be 8,000 beds for narcotics patients, a controversial program, which the Governor started from scratch.

But this shopping list of construction may say less about the kind of public executive that Rockefeller has been than do what some consider the razzle-dazzle methods he has employed to finance it. Operations typical of his methods are the billion-dollar expansion of the State University (SUNY), and the new complex of state office buildings in Albany (South Mall), also to cost close to a billion dollars.

The straightforward way to raise $1 billion is to have the state legislature appropriate the money, outright, by legislative act. But that is a big chunk for one legislative session to appropriate, and someone might be moved to suggest that taxes be raised to pay the bill. One can safely surmise that the Governor ruled out direct appropriation by the legislature as politically not feasible.

Another constitutionally acceptable route to money in New York is for the state to float bonds in the amount needed. But this method requires the approval of the people at a state-wide referendum, and the Governor evidently thought that this path, too, was politically treacherous. New Yorkers have been generally reluctant to approve multimillion-dollar bond issues, shying away from the string of zeros that must be printed right on the ballot. Furthermore, in the case of an expanded state university, a number of forces in the state have not been exactly seized by the idea of more *public* higher education.

Rockefeller's solution was to go around right end. First, he had the trustees of the State University raise student tuition fees to a uniform standard. Next (this was in 1962), he set up a State University Construction Fund, which has to date completed 418 individual projects, with an additional 323 under construction or on the drawing boards.

To provide the funds for this edificial extravaganza, Mr. Rockefeller had the State Housing Finance Agency and a newly created State Dormitory Authority float their own bonds. Meanwhile, he had pushed through the legislature a relaxation of the housing agency's original mandate which understandably had been limited to financing housing. That done, the Governor redirected the increased student tuition income and dormitory room rentals at the state colleges away from the state's general funds, using these moneys to pay the debt service on the bonds issued by the Housing Finance Agency and the Dormitory Authority.

The result of this agile footwork was to raise at last reckoning $1.2 billion for new state university construction. Furthermore, the money for these projects was obtained without requiring the approval of the people, or of the legislature except in separate and at times obscure pieces.

Democrats in the legislature who now say they oppose this method of financing make two admissions: At the time, "we didn't have brains enough to connect one bill with another"; and "he probably couldn't have built it otherwise."

The state office building complex at the South Mall is being funded by even more sparkling legerdemain, and again shows Mr. Rockefeller as a master manipulator of funds for public building purposes. When he took office at Albany in 1959, the drive from the state capitol to the executive mansion some 10 blocks to the west was a disturbing experience. Substandard housing and grimy store-front businesses lined Eagle Street, which is the route for most of the way. Today Eagle Street is lined on each side by gaping holes, fresh foundations and growing structures which hint at what is to come. There will be new office buildings for the executive and legislative departments, a state museum and library, a huge half-moon piece of sculpture and a reflecting pool. To put it bluntly, Rockefeller would have had a fat chance of financing this colossal monument to administration if he had called for the approval of the people at a state-wide referendum. The bond issue could have been defeated on the single factor that the legislators' offices are slated to be air-conditioned.

At this point, the Governor's famous grandfather, who knew something about the art of manipulative finance, begins to smile. For, lo and behold, it is not the state but Albany County that is putting out the bonds to pay for the entire state facility. And because the county is issuing the bonds, and with them paying for construction and land acquisition costs, the county itself will actually own the completed buildings. Under this Rockefeller scheme, the state will be reduced, at least from a legal standpoint, to the status of a humble tenant in its own office buildings. Of necessity, the state will pay a generous rent: it must cover interest and amortization, plus a payment in lieu of the local property taxes lost by the construction.

But these are the mere bare bones of the arrangement. Approval by the legislature is crucial during the early stages of such a project, and while it has been said without exaggeration that the Governor "owns" the Republican State Committee, a number of Democratic members were getting wiser. So Rockefeller reached up his sleeve for an ace to get the Democrats.

Albany, both county and city, is firmly controlled by a Democratic machine. Soon the city's Democratic mayor and the Republican Governor had worked out the *"modus operandi"* outlined above, and the Democratic mayor became a staunch lobbyist among Democratic lawmakers. The result was that the project sailed through the legislature with substantial majorities. It was a help that the then current session had to approve only one year's payment of the compact, leaving it to the legislatures of the next fifty years to keep the arrangement going.

So well has this "lease-back" arrangement worked, that the Governor has undertaken similar state office building projects in a number of other cities. Also, repeating the device he used to finance the State University, the

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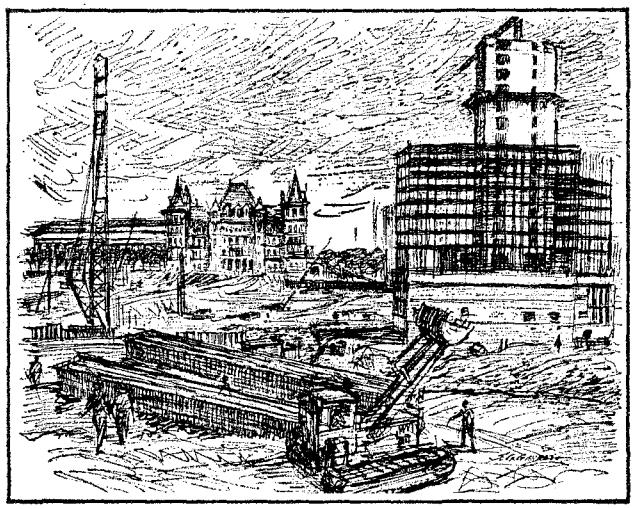

View of South Mall

Nelson Rockefeller's Christmas Card in 1967

Governor has created the Mental Hygiene Facilities Improvement Authority, a body that receives diverted "responsible relative" fees and applies them to sustain the bonds needed for the construction of more mental health facilities.

The most telling argument against this method of funding, unless one cares to complain that it deprives the people of a portion of their sovereignty, is that these special authorities and even the counties themselves, cannot borrow money as cheaply as can the state. "The difference is about half a point," the Governor admits in his smiling, casual way. As a matter of fact the Governor has used the argument that, by building the projects now and even funding at higher interest, the people will save money eventually because of inflationary trends in the national economy.

But the Governor hasn't neglected the "straight" bond issue route, when he thought the project had enough popular appeal to win on the voting machines. He won approval of a $1 billion pure waters bond issue early in his administration, and last November, after an energetic state-wide campaign, he persuaded New Yorkers to approve the largest bond issue in the state's history—$2.5 billion—for transportation.

The transportation bond issue campaign was a happy one for the Governor. He went from community to community, telling the people what it would bring them. Some arithmeticians in Albany thought him a bit overgenerous in his promises. A ranking Republican legislator tallied the Governor's largess at $50 billion rather than $2.5 billion; he even purportedly promised a subway for Syracuse. But the bond issue passed by a 750,000 vote margin, and the dollar figure was clearly on the ballot.

Also, in a conventional manner the Governor has had to raise taxes to support increased state programs. During his years in office the state budget has climbed from $2.03 billion in fiscal 1959-60 to a forecast of $5.4 billion in 1968-69. When he was first elected, Rockefeller raised personal taxes and he has asked the legislature for another increase this year. In 1963, having made a campaign promise the previous November not to raise taxes, the Governor asked for increases in a host of state licensing "fees." In 1965, after moving in his Republican legislators to solve a Democratic leadership fight, he got the Democratic faction which the Republicans had supported to pass the state's first state-wide sales tax. It was probably one of the rare examples of coalition government in Statehouse politics.

Much of the new tax money has gone back to the localities. The Rockefeller administration has, for example, increased threefold state aid to local elementary and secondary schools. State aid to the autonomous City University of New York rose from $8.3 million in 1959 to $63.8 million in 1967. Before this aid was granted, it should be pointed out, the Governor attempted vigorously but vainly to have the state take over the City University. If there is a trend to city-state relationships during the Rockefeller administration it is the gradual assumption of city functions by state government. This shift of responsibility has accelerated as the Governor has increasingly turned his attention to the nation's urban dilemma.

Thus, on March 1 of this year, a date safely past the biannual January transit negotiations, the state of New York will assume full control of running the city's subway and bus system. In addition, the Governor has let it be known to legislative leaders that he favors a state takeover of the city's welfare services, and reportedly he has even considered a sanitation union suggestion that the state be responsible for cleaning New York City's streets. In December, he announced a proposal for six large state recreation areas to be built *within* the city's limits. Finally, the state's Public Employees Relations Board has become increasingly involved in the city's labor disputes with its municipal employees.

Of course, city-state relations haven't yet reached the stage, as in the early 19th century, where the mayor of New York City was an appointee of the governor at Albany, but Rockefeller clearly believes that the city, and for that matter its mayor, should be a creature of the state. Generally, the Governor is impatient with Mayor Lindsay, whom he looks upon as an amateur in the art of government.

One reason for the distance between the two men is that, whereas Rockefeller is at root a pragmatist, the Mayor is basically a "gut" liberal with an almost white-charger approach to problems. Lindsay has spoken of improving the tone of the city, of battling the "power brokers." Rockefeller deals in bricks and construction projects, unashamedly accepting the endorsement of the conservative construction unions in his election campaigns.

Rockefeller fails many of the liberal indicators, but the overall impact of his record can be judged progressive. As a case in point, he has wobbled on the drawing of a strict church-state line in the state constitution, and signed into law a large textbook aid program for parochial schools. At the same time, he has created almost from scratch a state public higher education system which in the long run could competitively surpass New York's religious and private universities.

In 1965 Rockefeller committed liberal heresy by vetoing the $1.50 minimum wage bill and he has never shown

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much enthusiasm for New York's abolition of capital punishment, although he did sign the bill. As for "one man, one vote" apportionment, he chose to ignore the concept until ordered to pay attention by the federal courts. When it was really tough for Lindsay and the liberals during New York City's fierce Civilian Review Board fight, Rockefeller stayed aloof, and he has since maintained a close friendship with the city's victorious Patrolmen's Benevolent Association. He recently supported the association's attempt to restore to the police the right to use their revolvers against "fleeing felons."

On the other hand, the Governor pushed hard to make New York the first state in the nation to prohibit discrimination in private housing, and not atypically he is putting up a large state office building in the heart of Harlem on 125th Street. Also, the Governor has been outstanding among the nation's political leaders in recognizing the health needs of the poor. New York's Medicaid program, establishing massive free medical care for those in need, would have been termed radical just a decade ago. Unfortunately, Mr. Rockefeller has had to propose cutbacks in the program this year, primarily because of restrictive federal legislation. Of course, the Governor is soon to translate this concern for health into construction. He is reported to be contemplating the funding of a massive program for new hospitals under the aegis of the State Housing Finance Agency. "I don't think the people would approve another bond issue right now," he said recently, referring to the just completed transportation bond issue campaign.

Whether Governor Rockefeller's record in New York State forecasts a national administration of domestic affairs as broad as that conceived by Franklin Roosevelt no one can say. However, his performance in the state is on a scale that at least raises the question.

As for foreign affairs (the state of New York has no foreign policy), Rockefeller was for a period a hawk on Vietnam, saying that the country should support its President. Now, he says that he does not have the information to form a judgment. This "no position" on Vietnam is probably the wisest for an aspiring Presidential candidate. One can only surmise that Nelson Rockefeller knows it.

THE DOMINICAN FUSE

HOWARD J. WIARDA

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Santo Domingo

As this troubled election year gets under way, it is appropriate to recall that, both at home and abroad, disenchantment with the Johnson Administration began not so much over Vietnam as over U.S. intervention in the Dominican Republic in April, 1965. To be sure, escalation of the Vietnamese conflict during that summer quickly pushed Santo Domingo out of the headlines; but it may well be that the long-range implications of the Dominican intervention will be as important as those stemming from the war in Vietnam.

When the Dominican revolt broke out, President Johnson was still coining popularity out of his impressive accomplishments in the realm of domestic legislation and his sweeping victory over Barry Goldwater. The first Vietnam teach-in had just been held, but the promise of the "Great Society" seemed still feasible. Military intervention in the Dominican Republic destroyed this rosy picture. In May, 1965, the United States had almost as many troops in Santo Domingo as in Vietnam. Further, it was the Dominican fiasco that opened the "credibility gap," revealing for the first time within recent memory the gulf between the U.S. Government's actions and its words.

The Dominican crisis brought home the fact, only weakly perceived before, that the Alliance for Progress—as originally conceived—was dead and buried. The Alliance had been suffering transformation before this time, but the Dominican intervention revealed that the United States had abandoned the early Kennedy goal of assisting a democratic social revolution in Latin America. Indeed, the case of the Dominican Republic is the best example we have that the United States will not permit a genuine social revolution to take place within what it considers its sphere of influence; that it will, on the contrary, pursue the "lesser evil doctrine," siding with the "safe" *status quo*-oriented oligarchs and generals to suppress such revolutions when they occur. In the process of change from the early Kennedy years to the present, the Alliance for Progress has become just another economic give-away program.

These trends are nowhere more apparent than in the eighteen-month-old regime of President Joaquín Balaguer. Balaguer, it will be recalled, was the former puppet President under Rafael Trujillo. He came back from exile and defeated, in the June 1, 1966, elections, another former President, the democratic-leftist Juan Bosch, who also had been at least titular leader of the "constitutionalist" forces in the 1965 revolution.

Any assessment of Balaguer's first year and a half in office is bound to be mixed. On the more positive side, there is little doubt that many things are booming or at least becoming more settled in Santo Domingo. The amount of building construction is both visibly and statistically impressive. Optimistically proclaimed by Balaguer as the "Year of Development," 1967 was the best year yet for Dominican tourism (a dubious blessing, as the Puerto Rico-like "coca-colonization" of the country continues). Water systems, road construction, electrical power ex-

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pansion, school building are all going forward. Balaguer's strict austerity program has began to have an effect, and a measure of confidence has been restored. By almost all indicators, 1967 was not an especially good year economically, but ground was gained.

The economic recovery is being accomplished in large part thanks to a huge influx of United States money, men and materials—seemingly to make amends for the disastrous military intervention of 1965. The number of U.S. Government personnel here (between 600 and 700, excluding the Peace Corps) is exceeded in this hemisphere only by the force in Brazil; in terms of density it is by far the largest in the Americas. The United States is backing an immense number of projects, and the amount of money being spent, now beginning to slack off because of the Vietnamese pinch, is also huge. The Dominican Republic is receiving more U.S. aid per capita than any other country in the world.

Most U.S. personnel are highly skilled and experienced technicians, military and civilian. They thus fit in nicely with the present nonpolitical, economic development orientation of the Alliance for Progress. The goal of promoting social change in the context of democratic political development has been abandoned. Thus the present U.S. effort, though often well-meaning and staffed by the best AID people available, is being carried out in a political vacuum; it therefore makes little real impact, and is bound ultimately to fail. It is meaningless to speak, as the U.S. team does, of apolitical agrarian reform, an apolitical labor movement, and apolitical armed forces in a country as highly politicized as the Dominican Republic. Indeed, almost all projects and proposals acquire a political connotation whether the United States wishes it or not. By trying to divorce economic growth from political modernization (or by adhering to a simplistic State Department definition of political development as meaning only "free" elections and a "loyal" opposition), the United States is being both unrealistic and ineffective.

It seems likely that Walt W. Rostow's *The Stages of Economic Growth: A Non-Communist Manifesto* and his subsequent adaptation of the "stages" concept to considerations of foreign policy and assistance have had too much influence on official U.S. thinking and actions in recent years. Stemming from this work, as well as from that of sociologist Seymour Martin Lipset, is the idea that if only the United States can raise the economic level of the underdeveloped nations by pouring in ever-greater amounts of dollars, political change will inevitably follow. As these societies develop economically, the argument runs (admittedly oversimplified): the middle class will grow, ideology will decline, politics will become more moderate and pragmatic, and eventually "they" will become "just like us." Most scholars of development now realize that such correlations do not necessarily hold and that the political variable is probably more important than the economic. Happily, the lag between social science findings and government action seems to be lessening, but meanwhile the United States plunges ever deeper into a program that is known to be based on false assumptions.

The very size of the United States mission in Santo Domingo has important political implications. As C. L. Sulzberger of *The New York Times* has pointed out (when speaking of Brazil), a very large number of U.S. personnel stationed in a country insures more and more meddling in affairs that should be—and as easily could be—left to the host nation. All the AID, MAAG, State Department, Defense Department, USIS, Peace Corps, etc., personnel in the Dominican Republic must justify their presence with ever more projects and activities. The inevitable result is an unjustifiable amount of meddling in all aspects of Dominican internal affairs.

From the Dominican point of view, the United States dominates Santo Domingo. The troops which came during the revolution have been pulled out, but U.S. advisers now operate with almost all Dominican military units. The people are convinced that the green berets, sometimes posing as Peace Corpsmen, and probably other special counterinsurgency forces are here, though the embassy denies it. The CIA continues to maintain a beefed-up staff, while AID representatives have been known to sit in on Cabinet meetings. The large American colony has made the housing shortage worse than ever, and rents and prices for many items have zoomed. Almost all Dominicans, whether they approve or not (it is usually the business and military elements who approve), believe that the United States, not President Balaguer, is running the country. It is clear to Dominicans of all political shades that their country has become if not a colony of the United States in many respects, then certainly a dependency.

Embassy political officers flatly deny that interpretation—and, curiously, their view is also correct. For while the United States exercises enormous influence in Dominican affairs, its power, paradoxically, is also extremely limited. Washington has found that it cannot compel a government to adopt a policy to which it is manifestly opposed or which it views in a different light—unless the United States is willing to take over that government completely. Thus, while the United States is practically sovereign in some areas (such as the Dominican Office of Community Development), it can do little more than make suggestions in others.

President Balaguer's position regarding the U.S. presence in his country is interesting. Though hardly a dramatic or *caudillo*-like leader, he is a remarkably able and realistic politician. Being a realist, he has acquiesced in the U.S. influence with few apparent misgivings. He is nationalistic in his public pronouncements, yet seems to offer no resistance whatsoever to the fact that some of the major decisions have been taken out of his hands. He may well believe that the best thing for the country, as well as for his own political future, is to "let the Yankees do it."

Balaguer has, furthermore, been very skillful in managing the political issues within his range of decision. He has juggled appointments with remarkable acumen. Extreme rightists and leftists alike have been effectively "exiled" to diplomatic posts abroad. In the first days of this year, for example, the vitriolic newspaper editor and radio commentator, Rafael Bonilla Aybar, who had

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helped engineer the ouster of Juan Bosch's constitutional government in 1963, and who since the 1965 revolution had been refused readmittance to the country, was appointed Dominican consul in Puerto Rico. At the same time, the more able and moderate leftists and rightists have found a place in his government.

Balaguer's policies and programs have, in the same way, been designed to alienate as few as possible and satisfy as many as possible. His constitution offered something to the Left as well as to the Right, and remained silent on many of the issues that have proved controversial in earlier constitutions. Further, Balaguer has benefited from that fact that his is an elected government and therefore has a claim to constitutionalism and legitimacy. In what may be a significant development, however, the principal opposition group, Bosch's Dominican Revolutionary Party (PRD), has recently stated that the government has forfeited its claim to constitutionality because terrorism and violation of human rights are rife in the country. The PRD once launched a revolution against an illegitimate and unconstitutional government, and some people are betting that it is thinking along those lines again.

Though Dominican nationalists are convinced that the United States is running this government (and though it may be true in an ultimate sense), my own impression is that at least on a day-to-day basis Balaguer is in most respects still his own man. Physically the parallel seems ludicrous, for Balaguer is a meek, thin-shouldered little man who looks the bookish historian that he once was, but politically one cannot avoid being reminded of Lyndon Johnson. Balaguer apparently eats, sleeps (he is a bachelor), and lives politics; the government does nothing without political calculation. As a political technocrat who knows his people and their motivations intimately, Balaguer has had no equal since Trujillo.

Balaguer's style is to talk softly, appear meek and defenseless, listen to everyone, take advice from no one, and make most of the major decisions alone. In some ways, he is downright cute. At the opening of Santo Domingo's impressive industrial exposition, he delivered a speech, designed to lure foreign capital and reassure Dominican entrepreneurs, in which he said that the United States simply would not permit a second Cuba or another Castro-like revolution in the Caribbean. The point here is not whether this statement is true (it is, of course) but that Balaguer should say such a thing publicly. The statement embarrassed the U.S. Embassy; it also severely shook the PRD, who fear that if this is indeed U.S. policy, the United States will again use the "Communist" issue to prevent, by force if necessary, any fundamental restructuring of this country.

Whatever social and political structure survived the disintegrative 1965 revolution is currently being destroyed or undermined. The person of Balaguer—fragile though he appears—is about all that holds this country together. If he should be assassinated (Balaguer himself has talked of it), or be overthrown by the military (always a possibility), the Dominican Republic would likely again disintegrate into revolution and civil war. There are no groups or institutions that in a crisis could hold the country together. The armed forces are disinclined to govern and incapable of doing so. Balaguer has not built up his own political apparatus, the Partido Reformista; it remains wholly personalistic and would surely dissolve if he departed. The women governors whom Balaguer appointed in all twenty-six provinces are, as he well knew they would be, largely figureheads. Congress is wholly subservient to the President, while the Cabinet and other high government posts are staffed by representatives of many feuding political groups. The budget of the law courts has been severely cut and they are unable to act with complete independence; the President continues to harass the Autonomous University of Santo Domingo, which is now for the first time attempting to become a real university. The labor movement remains weak and highly divided. The Revolutionary Social Christian Party and its labor, student and peasant arms, which many view as the "party of the future," remains just that—and the future is probably distant.

Meanwhile the only well-organized political group in the country, the PRD, is itself disintegrating. It is being destroyed both from within (largely by Bosch himself) and from without (by constant and systematic oppression). The exiled Bosch has hurt the party by his disturbing writings—first the theme of "dictatorship with popular support," and now the idea of "Pentagonism as a Substitute for Imperialism." As ideas, these themes may have some validity but politically they would undoubtedly best be left unsaid. Bosch has never made up his mind whether he is a politician or an intellectual, but it is clear that he cannot be both at the same time. On the other hand, police oppression and intimidation of PRD leaders and followers, both in the countryside and in the cities, is systematically wiping out the party. Balaguer is either not able or not eager to curb police atrocities. The PRD may well become like the Apristas of Peru—a reform-oriented party permanently relegated to the opposition because neither the Dominican armed forces, the Church hierarchy, the ultra Rights in the business community, nor the U.S. Embassy will permit it to come to power. Bosch's "neo-Leninist" pronouncements and bitter factionalism within the party itself have not helped.

Similarly, Balaguer's own programs and policies have not helped to create the required national structure. Their motives are so political that the impetus to do something is lost in the tactics. The post-revolution "emergency plan," for instance, financed largely by the United States, did little except build beautiful boulevards and other "showcase" projects in the capital. The agrarian and other basic reforms are being managed by U.S. technicians who make ever more grandiose studies (more than $1 million spent *just in studies*), with the result that the necessary social and political reforms continue to be indefinitely postponed. The Dominican people, however, are not willing to wait much longer. It must be emphasized that the U.S. intervention, the provisional Presidency of Héctor García Godoy, and the election of Balaguer represented only an interruption of the 1965 revolution; nothing was resolved.

It is discouraging to observe that the United States

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seems condemned to repeat the same mistakes again and again. I have lived, worked and studied in this country: in 1962, during the post-Trujillo Council of State government, in 1964-65 during almost the entire Donald Reid Cabral-headed Triumvirate regime, in 1966 during the transition from García Godoy to Balaguer, and now again in 1967-68. I observe U.S. officials acting today in almost the same ways as they did in previous years. Agrarian reform, for example, a key aspect of social and political transformation, has gone ahead hardly at all during this entire period. Land surveys have covered the same ground time and again, and now a new and expensive aerial survey is being pushed by AID officials. The Dominican Republic does not need more land surveys and feasibility studies; it needs a *political* decision: to divide up the former Trujillo estates among the land-hungry peasants. Improved breeding techniques, agricultural extension services, elaborate credit unions, etc.—which this country can now ill afford—could easily wait.

The government of the Dominican Republic and the U.S. Embassy are largely standing still, while the Dominican people become ever more radical. They are no longer content with the *status quo*, but have acquired demands and wants of revolutionary proportions. Balaguer has not been able to meet these demands; and in the eyes of increasing numbers of Dominicans it is the United States and its conservative Dominican allies which stand in the way of change. This may or may not be true; the important point is that Dominicans think it true. A revolution of very bloody proportions and of far-reaching implications, nurtured by continued squalor, frustration, disease, misery, oppression, bitterness and terror is building up; it could make the 1965 upheaval look like a Fourth of July celebration. The Dominican Republic is calm and peaceful on the surface and its people retain their affability, but a cauldron is boiling underneath—and with reason.

I stress again that the problems are more political than economic. U.S. policy and the Alliance for Progress, based on erroneous assumptions about the nature of the development process and underestimating the degree of revolutionary fervor sweeping the underdeveloped world, seem sterile, unimaginative, and probably self-defeating. However, the present orientation of U.S. policy is likely to prevail, at least into the foreseeable future; we have become virtual prisoners of our own myths. If this is disastrous for the Dominican Republic, it is no less so for for the United States.

HAITI: PRISON COMPOUND

FRANCIS B. KENT
Mr. Kent, a correspondent for the Los Angeles Times, *has for the past four years been reporting on Latin America from a base in Rio de Janeiro.*

Port-au-Prince

The civil servants at Haiti's François Duvalier Airport could not be more polite or accommodating. A $2 tourist card gets you quickly past Immigration, and an affable inspector in the Customs section waves you on without bothering to look into your bags.

The occasional tourist or businessman can spend weeks in Haiti without seeing the slightest indication that President Duvalier has converted this little country into a prison compound. On the other hand, he could be introduced quickly to the facts of life. Not long ago, an American reporter arrived at Port-au-Prince, checked in at a well-known hotel, and went to bed thinking of his work schedule for the following day. Before dawn he was awakened by security agents, hustled from the hotel, and held under guard until he was put on board the morning plane for Miami. This represents perhaps the mildest form of official brutality in Haiti. Much more common is assassination—on the streets in full daylight, or in some dark lane in the hills above Port-au-Prince.

In the ten years since François "Papa Doc" Duvalier came to power, Haiti's 4 million wretched citizens have come to know fear as a constant companion. To provoke Duvalier or his henchmen is to invite torment, if not death. The enforcers are everywhere, roughly one to every 350 people. There are 5,000 soldiers in khaki, 7,000 militiamen in blue denim, and no one knows for sure how many thugs and informers in the Tonton Macoute, Duvalier's personal secret police force.

Members of the Tonton Macoute (the term comes from an old nursery tale and is best translated as bogy man) are found in the army and in the militia, but many wear no uniform except for the outsize sunglasses that have come to be associated with terror. Some work as bartenders, cab drivers, and at other jobs that bring them into contact with the public.

Nowhere, except in the most private of circumstances, does conversation go beyond trivia. When the talk turns to politics, the Haitian's face goes blank. He volunteers nothing and answers questions in guarded monosyllables. Only the most sophisticated, the European-educated elite, will discuss politics or economics, and then only after being assured that nothing is to be attributed to them.

Fear and violence have not come recently to Haiti. They have been commonplace since the African slaves rebelled and won their independence from France in 1804. Today, conditions are little better than at any time in Haiti's 164 years of independence. A great many of the country's best thinkers have fled abroad, and many who could not escape have sought asylum in one or another of the foreign embassies in Port-au-Prince.

Raw, unrelieved poverty is rampant. Beggars in filthy rags roam the streets looking for tourists who come in ever-dwindling numbers. Shoes are a luxury and children often wear no clothing at all. At every hand are the sick

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and the dying, suffering with yaws, elephantiasis, hookworm, syphilis.

Statistics are spotty and frequently unreliable, but figures published by the Organization of American States put Haiti's per capita income at about $70 a year. Even this figure may be misleading, for it is estimated that 95 per cent of the population lives wholly outside the money economy.

Unemployment is staggering. The available work force is reckoned at 2.5 million, but only 57,000 have jobs. Of those, more than half are on the government payroll. Semi-skilled labor is available at 35c a day.

The gross national product has declined steadily since 1962, along with investment both public and private, while external assistance has virtually dried up. U.S. aid, once an important factor in the Haitian economy, is now represented by a token contribution for malaria control.

Government revenues have dropped more than 20 per cent in the past five years, due primarily to the loss of tourist traffic. Government officials complain that the U.S. State Department persuades American tourists to steer clear of Haiti. It is more likely, according to a hotel owner in Port-au-Prince, that American travel agents hesitate to recommend Haiti for fear that a client will be caught in some unpleasantness.

The odds, however, are heavily against the tourist's meeting up with the Tonton Macoute. Haitians for the most part are gracious and charming, quick to smile and quick to serve. Accommodations are excellent and advance hotel reservations, at least at present, are completely unnecessary. It is a fine vacation spot for those not offended by tyranny and destitution.

"Papa Doc" Duvalier, the slight, harmless-looking former physician who oversees all this, is a difficult man to sort out. Those who have known him down the years say that as a young doctor he worked tirelessly to help the poor. Yet he seems to show no compunction when it comes to mistreating his enemies, either real or imagined. He is said to go often to the basement of the Presidential palace to look on as his thugs work over a prisoner.

He receives reporters from time to time, according to no discernible pattern. Early last year he seemed eager to be interviewed and was as accessible as a U.S. Congressman. At present, though, his door is closed; two reporters recently hung on for weeks in Port-au-Prince, awaiting word from the palace that never came.

Is Duvalier secure? Can he hold on until age and failing health catch up with him? The evidence weighs heavily in his favor, although like all men in his position he is threatened constantly. Despite a rash of rumors that his heart is weakening and that he complains of other physical ailments, he looks as healthy as the next man of 60. On ceremonial occasions he shows himself to the people, but otherwise he stays within the white, floodlighted walls of the palace, which is fenced with iron and closely guarded.

There is no formal opposition to Duvalier's Party of National Unity, and elections are meaningless. After municipal elections in 1964, Duvalier announced that the results had given him an overwhelming mandate and he therefore decreed himself President for life. Still, occasional incidents must be unsettling to the old man. Just last December the second in command of his terrorist gang, one Elois Maitre, was publicly shot down at the airport. Maitre survived, as a hopeless cripple with a bullet lodged in his spine. A month earlier, five men held up the Royal Bank of Canada in Port-au-Prince, getting away with $78,000 in Haitian currency. In what has been called a "bite-your-nails economy," $78,000 is a substantial sum of money.

What makes these incidents particularly interesting is that the submachine gun figured in both, and automatic weapons are not commonly found in the hands of anyone but members of the army, the militia or the Tonton Macoute. If men authorized to be in possession of submachine guns were at work here, it suggests that Duvalier has problems within the palace guard; if either or both assaults were staged from outside the official household, the inference is that unfriendly elements have unsuspected firepower.

Another incident touched closer to home, and was not open to speculation as to the principals. Duvalier's son-in-law, Max Dominique, who was a lieutenant colonel in the army and had been named ambassador to Madrid, arrived in Spain last August but, even before presenting his credentials, was ordered back to Port-au-Prince and put on trial for treason. He had been plotting, according to reports in Haiti, with fellow officers, nineteen of whom were put against a wall and shot. Dominique and his family fled to Switzerland.

Scarcely a month later, trouble erupted on the North Coast, near Cap Haitiën. The Cacos, as the mountaineers in the north are called, were demonstrating against deteriorating conditions brought on in part by the abandonment of sisal plantations and mills.

Duvalier dispatched several hundred militiamen to the area, then ordered in about 150 troops of the elite Presidential guard. The latter were promptly demobilized and ordered to their home villages. According to reports in Port-au-Prince, the dismissed guardsmen were all Cacos and regarded as untrustworthy.

If there is a pattern to all this, it surely makes a worrisome picture for Duvalier, who at times must think of the many Haitian leaders who in the past have come to violent death. One, Vilbrun Guillaume Sam, was dragged from under his bed and thrown to a mob that hacked him to pieces, then paraded his parts through Port-au-Prince. That was only fifty-three years ago.

In An Early Issue

Our foreign policy toward Japan has a long but largely unexplored history—perhaps because it has been so consistently unsuccessful. In "The Third Time Around," to be published here soon, Walter LaFeber suggests that we are about to commit, for the third time running, the basic mistake that has always scuttled our diplomacy with Japan. Mr. LaFeber, of Cornell's History Department, is the author of *The New Empire* and *America, Russia and the Cold War.* His article, "America's Long Dream in Asia" (*The Nation,* November 6, 1967), won wide and admiring attention.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Havana Cultural Congress

HELEN YGLESIAS

Quite in advance of its opening session on January 4, the Havana Cultural Congress, a meeting of intellectuals of the world on the problems of Asia, Africa and Latin America, was judged by our State Department to be a spurious propagandistic device and out of bounds for U.S. intellectuals. Though there was considerable interest here in attending the Congress, through a combination of Cuban inefficiency in getting the invitations out in time and State Department shenanigans, the presence of a number of prestigious U.S. intellectuals was effectively discouraged. In the end, those who were lucky enough to obtain both a Cuban invitation and State Department validation to travel to Cuba, were required to sign an affidavit promising that they would not "participate in any meeting, convention, conference or other function while in Cuba, as a public speaker, delegate or other participant."

Cuba's propaganda aim in calling the Congress was transparent enough: to win friends, to break through the frightening isolation in which it more and more finds itself, and to make direct contact with leftist theoreticians and artists in those countries (capitalist *and* Socialist) where its official ties are bad or worsening.

The U.S. State Department quarrel with the Congress (I am being deliberately disingenuous; another objection would surely have been found if other circumstances had prevailed) began with the Congress' theory that intellectuals are scientists, publishers, technicians, agronomists, educators, doctors, cameramen, public health workers, as well as artists, writers, dancers and film directors. (The State Department complained that the Cubans had invited far too many U.S. doctors, for example, though they were not better disposed to permit Robert Lowell, Andre Schiffrin or Oscar Lewis to attend either.) The official list of Congress delegates (incomplete and in some cases wildly misspelled) numbered 470 participants from sixty-five countries. Just a sprinkling of some of the names of the delegates should reveal the patent absurdity of the State Department ruling that the Havana Congress did not qualify as a bona fide cultural event.

Spain's delegates included poets Blas de Otero and Gabriel Celaya, publisher Carlos Barral, painter Antonio Saura, film makers Juan Antonio Bardem and Jorge Semprún (*La Guerre Est Fini*).

France had sixty-six delegates, including economist André Gorz, lawyer Gisele Halimi, journalist K. S. Karol, physicist Jean Pierre Vigier, cartoonist Maurice Siné.

England's delegation of twenty-two included art critic Sir Herbert Read, ballet critic Arnold Haskell, historian Eric Hobsbawm, playwright Arnold Wesker.

Italy's delegation numbered twenty-five and included publishers Guilio Einaudi and Feltrinelli, novelist Luigi Nono.

From the Americas, among others were Andre Gunder Frank of Canada, Julio Cortázar (*Hopscotch*) of Argentina; sociologist Garmán Guzmán, novelist Gabriel García Márquez, whose novel *A Hundred Years of Loneliness* is a best-seller in Colombia; painter Roberto Matta of Chile; poet Aime Cesaire of Martinique. Mexico's delegation of twenty-four included muralist David Alfaro Siquieros and economist Edmundo Flores.

Hans Magnus Enzensberger, poet and critic, came from West Germany. Prince Norodom Renarddik, son of Sihanouk, came from Cambodia. There were delegations from the USSR, Laos, Korea, North Vietnam and the NLF of South Vietnam. China was notably absent, though an invitation had been sent.

The Congress listed twenty-one U.S. delegates, but there seemed to be no method or much accuracy to the listing. Some had come without U.S. permission and were participating as delegates; the SNCC group, an SDS group and four scientists, one of whom, Dr. Roy John, reported an earlier Cuban trip in *The Nation* of March 14 and 21, 1966. The official list included, among others, Jules Feiffer, cartoonist, writer and playwright; David Dellinger, editor of *Liberation* and anti-war leader; Saul Landau and Richard Moore, film makers of the documentary on Cuba recently televised on N.E.T.; Tana de Gamez, whose novel *The Yoke and the Stars* is based on the story of the Cuban Revolution; Irwin Silber, editor of *Sing Out!*, Barbara Dane, folk singer; Jose Yglesias; Robert Scheer of *Ramparts*. There were other Americans in Havana as well. I ran into Saul Gottlieb of *Evergreen Review*, Tom Hayden, Harry Ring of *The Militant*, Ronald Steel.

The living, for foreigners, at the still lush Havana Libre (formerly the Hilton) where we were taken, was easy indeed. There was an abundance of food, drinks, coffee, popular combos in the restaurants and bars of the hotel; and though we heard about the gas rationing, there were always cars or buses to take delegates for little side trips. We had a certain amount of free time every day and the scholarship students who served as guides were very encouraging about our visiting around as much as possible. Cuba sees itself as a revolutionary showcase for the world; nothing pleases Cubans more than a visitor who wants to see for himself. For me, it became a chance to see what changes had taken place since early 1961 when I was last there.

The city of Havana surprised me by being much more beautiful than it had been. It literally sparkled in a dazzlingly clean whiteness against the blue skies and water of the bay. The Malecon has been much improved; particularly from the Vedado section to old Havana, this broad, curving drive along the bay had a depressingly slummy look seven years ago. Though the old crowded buildings are still there, they have been repaired and painted, and the streets are much cleaner. The disturbing changes are in old Havana. Avenues of empty shop windows are a shock, no matter what preparation one has had for the sight. The special life of the old area of the city is altered too. There seemed to be fewer people in the streets; the many street vendors with their portable kitchens selling every conceivable variety of hand-eaten food are gone, and so are many of the sidewalk counters where one could get a 3c tiny cup of black coffee, everybody's radio filling the street with loud, popular Cuban music. Gas rationing has cleared from the narrow gutters of the city whatever cars were left, and it has also cut into the neon and street lighting. The result is a feeling of listlessness and darkness in the old city, an enormous contrast to the verve of 1960 and 1961. I recall that back then when I asked a passer-by for the time, he replied joyously, "Five o'clock, *revolutionary* time." I did not expect that sort of response now, not because "revolutionary time" has passed but because it has gone into a different phase.

A proof of the danger of generalizing on the basis of one occasion in Cuba, however, was the utterly changed character of the streets on the following

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evening when Congress delegates were invited to attend a performance of the Cuban National Ballet in old Havana. We were applauded by crowds of pleased Cubans watching the foreign visitors arrive. The performance itself was a stunning surprise. It included the new ballet, *Carmen*, created by Aurelio Alonso and danced by his wife, Alicia Alonso. It is a work which merits inclusion in the programs of the best ballet companies of the world, and is already part of the Bolshoi repertory, danced by Plisetskaya.

There was still another occasion in old Havana at a concert given by Raimón, a young Catalán singer from Valencia who is banned from singing in Spain. The concert was free and the enormous marble hall was full of people who came and went as they pleased whenever a song ended. Many brought their children with them. In the discussion period which followed the concert a Cuban spoke: "I was born in Valencia and I studied at the Luis Vives Instituto. Tell me how it is with the proletarian struggle in Valencia and tell me about Puerto Sagunto where my father was assassinated."

The man's question made a connection with the Congress which jumped into place for me with his reference to the Spanish Civil War. Congresses are boring; microphones, mimeographed papers and formal speeches in three simultaneously translated languages seem to rob the most brilliant company of their wits; but this Congress had almost nothing in common with usual meetings of academics or artists. Its spirit was a reminder of the great conferences held during the struggle against fascism, when it was the belief among the best intellectuals that what they did was supposed to connect with what they said and wrote, and that both carried some importance for their struggling fellow men. It is an assumption which has long been unpopular in the United States and which is just beginning to be talked of again.

For an American, entering the world of the Congress and of Cuba is to step through a mirror, where all assumptions are reversed. During the first day, I found myself starting at the frequent use of words like "comrade" and "Communist," an indication of the tension for Americans surrounding even the terminology of socialism. But I became used to absorbing recurrent shocks to my American sensibilities. Some were delightful, like the sight of payless telephone booths. One was extremely painful, as when I shook hands with the smiling NLF delegate, eager to meet an American who would come to Cuba—the physical presence of "our enemy" making me want to shed my American skin. At the same time I suffered the most contrary and painful responses to the violent diatribes directed against U.S. imperialism. If the State Department had followed a wiser policy they would have allowed the presence there of thoughtful dissenting voices like those of Christopher Lasch, Noam Chomsky or Mary McCarthy, allowed to attend without a strangling affidavit. Or are we seriously being asked to stop all dialogue with the Socialist and Third World and just slug out our differences?

Of the five working commissions of the Congress, I spent most of my time at the one discussing the responsibility of intellectuals to the Third World, listening for echoes of my own concerns in the statements of other "Western" visitors. The Congress addressed itself to a very wide group of questions; if I concentrate on the anti-U.S. imperialist views given, it is because such views overwhelmed the Congress and are of greatest interest to those of us who live in the heart of what was being dissected and reviled. Sometimes the landscape was described most bleakly even by Westerners. Irwin Silber of the United States called us the "ultimate triumph of 'Western ideals,' the ultimate 'sanctuary of the free world,' the core of imperialism . . . a land of deep unhappiness today. . . . And the arts—the glittering, flamboyant, high-pressured, meaningless creative arts of the United States—have become terribly sad reflections of a living death or the terrifying overture to imperialism's final hymn."

Christine de Rochefort of France went further than I cared to be carried. Speaking of the destruction of conscience in the Western intellectual, she exhorted the Third World:

". . . do not trust me. Do not trust my words, nor anything I have. I am ill. Contagious. The only sanity I have is that I know I am ill. And those who think they are not ill are the most seriously ill."

This was not the tack taken by Jean-Paul Sartre who would have been a Congress "star" if a severe attack of arthritis hadn't kept him from coming. He sent a message which was interesting, beyond its expression of open solidarity with revolutionary Cuba, for its plea to the Third World to find a use for what could be valuable in the despised (by them) alien culture of oppressor nations. He warned of possible mistakes made "in the zeal of the struggle," mistakes which would "impede the cultural development of freemen" because they might discard some useful tools of Western thinking.

Sir Herbert Read also sounded a warning:

"To preserve a balance between the personal and the universal, between the local and the national, between the national and the international, such is the problem of the artist in our society. The danger is that we attempt to reverse the organic process in which the work of art originates; we begin with a social or 'mass' concept of art and try to impose it on the aberrant personality of the artist . . . ."

But the prevailing view was perhaps most eloquently expressed for the West in a message by Ernst Fischer of Austria:

"None of us from the Old World should pretend to teach you; we have grown up under other conditions. . . . In spite of that, we are united by a decisive bond: the confirmation of the world revolution, this long, incalculable, bloody and bloodless transit which reasserts itself through errors and knowledge . . . towards a world worthy of man; the conviction that the economic and military rulers of the United States have become the main enemy of the peoples, that the major task of every revolutionary strategy is to destroy its power, to prepare its collapse."

It was this view which culminated in the Havana Appeal, a special final resolution pressured for, interestingly enough, not by the Cubans but by Ralph Miliband of England. It called upon "writers, men of science, artists, teachers and students to join and intensify the fight against imperialism and to take up the part which is theirs in the struggles for the liberation of the peoples of the world. This commitment must begin with an unqualified rejection of the policy of cultural subjection of the United States, and this implies the *refusal of all invitations, scholarships, employment, and participation in programmes of cultural work and research, where their acceptance could entail collaboration with this policy.*" [Italics added.]

The appeal touches upon a nerve much exposed lately and particularly painful to Latin Americans. They have been quarreling among themselves about the right and wrong of Pablo Neruda's trip to the P.E.N. Congress held in New York in the summer of 1966 and his subsequent acceptance of a decoration from the President of Peru; and Cuban intellectuals have mounted a major campaign against *Mundo Nuevo*, a literary publication edited by Emir Rodriguez Monegal, sponsored by the U.S. Ford Foundation, and concentrating on winning to its pages Latin America's leading leftist writers. Lajpat Rai of India seized this question and shook it until it rattled another set of bones:

". . . for such 'leftist' intellectuals in these days of peaceful coexistence, the doors of the Socialist world are also open to the same measure. They are at equidistance from Washington and Moscow; they are at equidistance from the Congress for Cultural Freedom on the one side and the Afro-Asian solidarity move-

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CRISIS

"Love is sometimes revenge, n'est-ce pas?"

You knew perfectly
what I meant
in the moment—
Yet you pretended
not to see,
that I might doubt
And explain again, get
stammering mad and
cry my self defense—
You stood injured and beautiful,
dead wrong, yet
certain in your woman's truth—
It began with Vietnam
and ended
with the blood of
My childhood on your hands.

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

ment on the other. It is not uncommon in India for a 'leftist' intellectual to attend an economic seminar in Algeria or Moscow where U.S. imperialism is denounced as an enemy of the peoples of the Third World and a few weeks later to proceed to the United States with his family on a U.S. foundation scholarship to enjoy *la dolce vita* in the dollar land. Last year, twelve out of the thirty-five leftist scholars who had criticized the proposal for the Indo-U.S. Educational Foundation, themselves accepted research grants, professorships and fat scholarships from various U.S. agencies . . . ."

These were not the only struggles reflected at the Congress. In an ugly and amusing incident which created the topic for gossip for the following day, some French Trotskyists passionately upbraided Siquieros (apparently for his role in leading an armed attack on Trotsky's house long, long ago) and one young woman worked herself up sufficiently to kick the noted Mexican muralist as he stood on the steps of the art gallery waiting for the doors to open for the official reception. Closer to home, SNCC delegates made a point of dissociating themselves from U.S. whites. They accepted a drink, but then filed out one by one from the luncheon party to which all U.S. visitors were invited by the Minister of Education and president of the Congress, Jose Llanusa. Nor did they allow the camera to record their presence alongside U.S. whites at a reception for U.S. visitors given by the NLF Vietnamese delegates; they covered their faces by holding up open books, apparently brought for the purpose. And at one of the commissions, Latin American delegates lit into the reports of delegates from the USSR and Eastern European Socialist countries as clear signs of their insufficiently revolutionary outlook.

There were, too, ripples of some discomfort with the ardent picture of the revolutionary intellectual as a guerrilla seeking death in the manner of a Che Guevara, in response to which Roberto Fernandez Retamar of Cuba quipped that he was impatient with those intellectuals who "when they hear the word gun, reach for their culture." In the final resolution, there was some modification of the very strongest concepts and the intellectual was called upon not necessarily to seek out death, only not to flinch from it should it come. (In response to a request from a group of Cuban cartoonists, Jules Feiffer portrayed "The Intellectual as Guerrilla Fighter" as a jaded, elegant man, seated at a pool-side dining table, enormous sunglasses pushed up on his forehead, languidly sipping a frozen daiquiri.) Still, there was no doubt as to the gripping appeal of the example of Che Guevara for most Congress delegates and for the people of Cuba.

Che Guevara's portrait is displayed throughout Havana, and at the plenary sessions of the Congress and at rallies, appropriate passages taken from Che's writings were the major slogans. That the portraits are beautiful and the slogans felicitous is part of Cuba's special style, a style which dominated the freedom, seriousness and revolutionary vigor of the conference and which flowed on out into the streets of the Rampa, on which the hotel is situated. The Rampa, a broad avenue which leads to the sea, is modern Havana's main drag. "Coppelia" enlivens one end of the street. It is an architecturally charming and playful ice cream parlor rivaling Howard Johnson in the number of flavors served. Neon lights hung in the center of the Rampa crossway indicate what's happening: an easel for the art exhibition, a tragic and comic mask for the theatre. Parisian-looking signposts point out the direction of restaurants, movies, night clubs, exhibitions. Every window along the street is utilized as an exhibit for crafts, books, propaganda; the electronic music, which makes up part of the extraordinary Pop art exhibit on imperialism and the Third World, fills the street with a holiday or fair sound. The content of the shows I saw was astonishingly sophisticated.

The art exhibit, housed in a building which was converted from Havana's former fashionable funeral parlor, contained nothing that could be remotely described as Socialist-realist. The works are free-wheeling in a variety of experimental styles; the gallery itself is something of an experiment, combining a café, art show, discothèque, book shop and piped sound in a gay complex which the director insisted must not be called a gallery: "We want it to be a natural place, where nothing happens formally."

The Third World exhibit further down the Rampa combined film (an old Tarzan movie is run forward, then backward, for a hilarious comment on a popular Western concept of an underdeveloped country), comic strips, graphics, lights, sound and even live lions, giraffes and flamingos to stunning effect, culminating in a glorification of the guerrilla and Che Guevara. The building itself, which is a permanent installation for exhibits, makes brilliant use of closed and open space, drawing the viewer in from the street without effort—so that seeing the exhibit becomes an extension of the walk along the avenue. It is free to the public, and the crowds literally poured through. There was a good deal of discussion among Congress delegates about the exhibit, some finding it too harsh and direct in its anti-U.S. imperialist message, others wondering if it wasn't too subtle for the average Cuban to make *anything* of it.

This open, grasping experimentation is evident everywhere in Cuba. For Cuban artists, it is a natural result of their experiences. Many of them spent years in the United States, England or France. Alicia Alonso, Alejo Carpentier, Alfredo Lam, Edmundo Desnoes, Pablo Armando Fernandez are only a few of the names that come to mind. Combined now with a fierce nationalism and new revolutionary concepts, Cuban art is an explosive force, not confined to studies but put to the widest uses of the revolution. That Cuban propaganda should turn out to be a model of good design was one of its greatest surprises.

There have been struggles within Cuban arts to maintain an open approach, but at the moment the freest expression seems secure. The Congress displayed on its platforms not only Cuba's *avant-garde* artists but its politicos and old-line Communists Juan Marinello, Nicolás Guillén and Carlos Rafael Rodríguez, coexisting as Jorge Enrique Adoum of Ecuador said "in a new Cuban style . . . with only one limitation, expressed by Fidel Castro in 1961: 'Within the Revolution, everything; outside the Revolution, nothing'; and complying with Che's slogan: 'To serve the people presupposes quality; beauty does not clash with socialism'."

What is so attractive in Cuba is the health a society generates when it is open to innovation and social experiment. It was the quality most admired, I think, by the Americans present and most puzzling to delegates from Socialist countries, who cannot reconcile Cuba's

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revolutionary political stance with its relaxed cultural openness.

But Cuban independence is nothing new, even if it pays for it, as seems to be the case at the moment, with a position of total isolation. In his final address to the Congress, Fidel Castro conveyed a strong sense of Cuba's isolation. He thanked the delegates for coming and said that Cuba would never forget that men and women of prestige had come from all over the world to discuss the problems of the Third World. It seems to be more to the point to wonder how the men and women of prestige, once back home with their unfriendly governments, would remember Cuba. At the end of a long tiring day, one of the delegates got into a slight fuss with our 18-year-old guide, a political science major and Young Communist Party member who prided himself on his understanding and militancy. The delegate became impatient with the explanations of the guide and suggested to him that none of us there needed these long political harangues; we understood the aims of the revolution. It angered the young Cuban. "Let's see what you write when you return," he said.

For a *Norteamericana,* a bad conscience about Cuba is unavoidable, given our joint histories, and it makes it difficult for us to realize that they care much less about us and our reactions than they do about their own independence. Cuba wants friends, of course, but it wants them without strings. The report that oil had been discovered on the beach outside Havana, while the Congress was in session, was greeted by my Cuban friends with a joy which had much more to do with the possibility of independence from the Soviet Union than with the prospect of being able to drive a private car again. What Cuba wants is the right to go on inventing itself; what it wants of others is even simpler—to keep their hands off.

In Moral Disarray

THE DISSENTING ACADEMY. *Edited by Theodore Roszak. Pantheon Books. 304 pp. $6.95.*

THE MORALITY OF SCHOLARSHIP. *By Northrop Frye, Stuart Hampshire and Conor Cruise O'Brien. Edited by Max Black. Cornell University Press. 88 pp. $4.50.*

NEIL COMPTON

Mr. Compton is chairman of the English Department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. He writes frequently on contemporary culture and the popular arts.

The term "dissenting academy" has an honorable history. After the Restoration of 1660, the great English schools and universities lapsed into a century and a half of relative intellectual torpor, a condition exacerbated by the Test Act (1672) which closed them to those unwilling to participate in the Anglican sacraments. As a result, various nonconformist sects established their own educational institutions. The curriculum at many of these dissenting academies was so superior to that followed at the establishment schools and universities that many enlightened members of the aristocracy sent their offspring there to be educated.

Three hundred years later the universities of North America are in danger of drifting into irrelevance as their English prototypes once did. For all their wealth and apparent influence, they are in a state of moral and intellectual disarray. No one is excluded from them on religious grounds, of course (though heretical *political* views may invoke a degree of persecution), but cultural and educational deprivation effectively keeps out thousands. Those who do gain entrance find themselves caught up in a huge, impersonal and often meaningless process. Discontented students and teachers are expressing dissent from the academic establishment's view of both curriculum and conventional scholarship through teach-ins and "free universities."

However, the dissenting academy contemplated by Theodore Roszak and his contributors, in this first of a series of "anti-textbooks" to be published by Pantheon, is not some new kind of educational foundation but the existing intellectual community, liberated from paralyzing servitude to the political and cultural *status quo.* The book's eleven essays are devoted to critiques of the way in which the major humanistic subjects are taught at American universities. Their cumulative indictment of the profession of scholarship, as it is now practiced, is a heavy and dispiriting one, particularly to academics who, like me, were once inclined (privately) to congratulate themselves upon not being as other men are.

The essays on politically useful social sciences provide the greatest fund of horror stories. Marshall Windmiller reveals that in 1967, the executive director and treasurer of the American Political Science Association served concurrently as president and vice president of the CIA-supported Operations and Policy Research, Inc. Kathleen Gough gives a detailed account of the distorting political circumstances under which anthropologists (many of them quite happily) have to do their work these days, and describes the weird perversity of "applied anthropology" and such exercises in "insurgency prophylaxis" as Project Camelot. According to Robert Engler, it is quite common for political scientists leaving government service (particularly RAND), and seeking university posts, to report to prospective employers that most of their "publications" are classified. M.I.T. has even awarded higher degrees on the basis of classified theses. As for Gordon C. Zahn's account of the vagaries of personal and intellectual freedom at some Catholic universities, it would pass for light relief if one could forget the victims' suffering and frustrations.

Noam Chomsky, whose celebrated essay on "The Responsibility of Intellectuals" is the last and best thing in the book, also wins the prize for the most hair-raising example of academic frightfulness. He quotes the testimony of Prof. David N. Rowe, Director of Graduate Studies in International Relations at Yale, before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs in 1966. Rowe suggested that the United States buy all surplus Canadian and Australian wheat so that there will be mass starvation in China: "Mind you, I am not talking about this as a weapon against the Chinese people. It will be. But that is only incidental. The weapon will be a weapon against the Government because the internal stability of that government cannot be sustained by an unfriendly Government in the face of general starvation." There speaks a humanitarian scholar in the great tradition inaugurated by the "author" of Swift's *Modest Proposal*!

If this book is a portent, we may be witnessing the end of the end of ideology. Both the heroic myth of the Olympian disinterested scholar and the more homely image of the multiversity as a kind of academic supermarket are roughly handled by all contributors. Taking a sideswipe at "the narcissistic obsession of modern literature for the self," Louis Kampf rather stridently abuses independent scholarship as "a mask for the commercial activities of the academic bureaucracy." Deprived of its roots in normative judgment, political science degenerates into mere system maintenance and adaptation, according to Christian Bay; in the limp jargon of value-free social science, even the revolutionary passions inspired by a Fanon or a Guevara can be neutralized and classified for the computer as the expression of "anomie interest groups." Sumner Rosen demonstrates how "commercial

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Keynesianism," like Freudian revisionism, emasculates a seminal theory and neatly evades the necessity to consider painful realities.

As befits his discipline (philosophy), John Wilkinson contributes the most elegant, astringent and convincing of the essays on individual academic specialties. It is also the most depressing. Wilkinson shows how "the civilization of the dialogue," upon which democracy depends, is gradually being subverted as more and more research passes into the control of "mission-oriented" agencies, to the extent that (among other disasters) "nearly all the top twenty multiversities are arms factories which would have staggered the imagination of Herr Krupp or Sir Basil Zaharoff." Wilkinson's one glimmer of hope is the continued survival of such dialogue-oriented bodies as the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, of which he is a member.

The panaceas of other contributors inspire less confidence. Roszak himself is eloquent about the exemplary "humanitarian meddling" of the 18th-century *philosophes* and encyclopedists, but his attempt to translate their particular style into the terms of 20th-century academic life is not entirely convincing. Staughton Lynd's call for the historian to accept the existential role of prophet, creating scenarios not of what *will* but what *can* be, is a moving one, but this is certainly not a model of their primary task which even all radical historians would accept.

Though I was about as well disposed a reader as any author or publisher could wish when I began *The Dissenting Academy*, I must confess that the cumulative effect of many (not all) of the essays was to arouse fears that disillusion with orthodox scholarly methods is driving some academics close to a dangerous irrationalism—a mirror image of the aberration that brought us to this pass. Yet I had to agree with the critiques of the present mode of pseudo-objectivity.

Consequently, it was a relief to read the three lectures in *The Morality of Scholarship*, which confront exactly the same problem in a less polemical spirit than the Roszak essays. It seems to me that Northrop Frye comes close to resolving the apparent dilemma in his lecture on "The Knowledge of Good and Evil." He begins by asserting "the principle, which is also a moral principle, that every discipline must be as scientific as its subject matter will allow it to be, or abandon all claim to be taken seriously." After some cogent illustrations of this need for intellectual detachment, Frye goes on to argue that the virtue of impersonality becomes the vice of indifference as soon as its context becomes social rather than intellectual. Scholarship must be tempered and directed by "what we may call, with the existentialists, concern . . . something which includes the sense of the importance of preserving the integrity of the total human community." Concern "has nothing directly to do with the content of knowledge, but . . . it establishes the human context into which the knowledge fits, and to that extent informs it."

To my mind, Frye's formula enables us to diagnose every intellectual disease described in *The Dissenting Academy* without jettisoning man's 2,500 painful years in pursuit of objectivity. It also offers an active and positive ethic for the scholar. In the last resort, however, concern is a civic rather than a purely academic virtue. A man's profession is only part of his life, and scholarship cannot by definition be a substitute for higher loyalties. Some great scholars have been very bad men. The last words of Frye's lecture may serve also as the last words of this review: "The scholar as man has all the moral dilemmas and confusions of other men, perhaps intensified by the particular kind of awareness that his calling gives him. But *qua* scholar what he is is what he offers to his society, which is his scholarship. If he understands both the worth of the gift and the worth of what it is given for, he needs, so far as he is a scholar, no other guide."

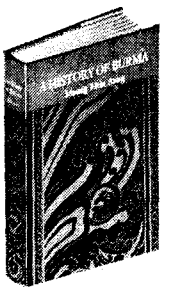
THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

It has been said that Peter Nichols' *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre) is about the breakup of a marriage that has produced a spastic child. If this were all there was to it, I doubt that I should find the play interesting or even tolerable. It would be clinical and much too special.

The child, the sight of which we are more or less spared, serves as the play's fulcrum. But to confuse the device with the theme would be grossly to misunderstand it. Its value and fascination lie elsewhere.

The child's deformity (a stupidly callous doctor in the play speaks of it to its mother as a "vegetable") should be seen as the misfortune of a particular marriage. But many marriages are weighed down and sometimes destroyed by terrible burdens. In Camus' *The Plague* the epidemic which quarantines a town is employed as a symbol for all pervasive evil; its story consists of the various reactions to evil. In *Joe Egg* the child who plagues the marriage of Bri and Sheila is the peculiar burden they have to bear; the play's scheme drama-



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tizes the different kinds of adjustment the various characters make to it.

The situation is painful, but the play is a comedy; it provokes considerable laughter. It is an odd comedy: everything about it is wrong, its form is askew. It oughtn't to work. But it does. That is its originality.

The curtain is up as we enter the theatre, but instead of the stylization one might expect in that case, we see a fairly realistic setting. A musical combo ambles across the stage and disappears. Only the pianist remains visible throughout and, as the band's leader, repeatedly strikes up mild jazz riffs. Then Bri (short for Brian) appears, dresses down the audience as if it were a prep school class. Bri is a teacher. He then moves into the household setting and the play proceeds for a bit as a normal naturalistic piece.

Bri's address to the audience has set up a convention. From time to time, each of the characters (including the spastic girl) breaks away from the others and speaks about him or herself and the rest of them; for the most part, these monologues are quite funny. At the end of the play Bri, who has twice attempted to bring about the child's death, finally succeeds in doing so. He then abandons his unsuspecting wife.

Shocking or pathetic, you might suppose; not at all. One observes the play with eyes much more sardonic than tearful. But it is just in this, our impassivity, that the artistic victory lies. The method is not Brechtian. Brecht's soliloquies (usually songs) do not make any personal comments on the "story"—they stand apart from it—and function as the drama's oblique reflection. In Nichols' play the action would scarcely be intelligible if the characters did not explain their attitudes and behavior. For example, Bri tells us beforehand that he is going to leave his wife. Sometimes he and his wife enact past events necessary for exposition and then as actor-characters add further comment on what we have just seen happen, as if the whole episode and the play itself were a public demonstration.

Nichols intends the audience to take a cold, if you will a heartless, view of the matter. He demands no commiseration or identification with his characters: he wants you to regard them as phenomena—objects for the entertainment of your intelligence. He doesn't expect you to do anything about it: how can you? It's a show. Brecht wishes your understanding to rouse you to judicious steps of social consequence. Nichols might be following Coleridge's "law" which runs: "There ought never to be more pain than is compatible with coexisting pleasure, and to be amply repaid by thought."

Nichols' disposition is eminently contemporary and thoroughly English. It is at least as representative of England today as Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*. It is a new wrench to the proverbial British "stiff upper lip." In a larger sense *Joe Egg* makes a point about present middle-class life almost everywhere.

Bri is bright, he has a trace of talent as a Pop art painter, he has been coddled by his silly mother and by the mediocre comfort or middling discomfort of his run-of-the-mill circumstances. He has no feeling for his job. His nonchalance about his wife's premarital promiscuity derives as much from moral unconcern as from generosity of spirit. She has told him about her numerous affairs because they no longer count in her or anyone else's eyes. She's a nice enough person and she is good in bed: what more need he know or care?

Apart from their mutual worry about their sick child they share very little. What little leisure they have they hardly know what to do with except for the telly and the flicks, and he behaves as though he would be permissive if she had a little fling on the side. He has no real friends because he has no vital interests. The one thing he cannot endure is trouble. He isn't equipped to face up to life, which is always and everywhere centered in the puzzle and dilemma of suffering. He must run away.

We meet his mother: nondescript, proper, combining routine respectability with a built-in obtuseness in relation to life's "inconveniences." She is both niggling and correct with her "immoral" daughter-in-law. She dotes on her son, a fact he takes for granted and without gratification. Bri's friend is a tidy "Socialist" who wants to be helpful with mechanically rational advice while he mouths the clichés of the "advanced"; he thinks any situation can be taken care of by the perquisites of the welfare state. His semi-frigid wife is indifferent to everything but her own family's well-being.

It isn't British to complain. Like most of us today they have learned to snicker. They will not moralize: it is square to preach or to grow indignant. What Nichols implies but never declares is that the cream of this disastrous jest is that life is absurdly empty unless it is confronted and embraced in all its inherent anguish. Only in that way can living be good. But the rule of "common sense"—which the English are presumed to have in abundance—leads only to wretched farce.

The direction by Michael Blakemore and the performances are excellent. One cannot speak of "ensemble": the nature of the play's structure impedes the possibility of interplay. But as individual

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figures all of the actors are admirable.

Albert Finney as Bri is almost too large and powerful a personality—there is something "epic" about him no matter what he does—for the tormented mite Nichols has written. Yet his very stature as man and player raises him above the intrinsic pettiness of his role, of which a more literal performance might create the impression of a dismally small play. Playing Sheila with nary a hint of sentimentality, Zena Walker conveys the whole environment. Joan Hickson as Bri's mother seems a comically effaced effigy on a memorial to home and hearth. John Carson is the unflappable Socialist to the bone. And Elizabeth Hubbard as his wife, the impeccably but bloodlessly sensible helpmate and housekeeper, is perfect.

A sharp and perceptive play, *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* makes a remarkably sobering evening in the theatre.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Kenneth Loach's *Poor Cow* is playing at three New York theatres: clearly it hits a responsive chord. What that may be is not easy to say, but I suspect that it is somehow connected with the quite erroneous supposition that the film is "real." The claim to unflinching realism is made even before the title appears on the screen: a child is born, all wet and bloody, right out from between its mother's thighs. The virtue of such a scene, if it has any, rests on its actuality; we witness a moment of authentic human experience and, if we find that the onlooker role has been edifying, do not inquire into its artistic authenticity. But of course Carol White, who here plays the heroine, is not giving birth; it happened, sure enough, but it happened to someone else.

And so it goes with the whole picture. Nell Dunn, who wrote the novel from which it was made, and also *Up the Junction*, has a gift for documenting the underside of contemporary London. Her young whores and thieves and factory girls are dull, ignorant and squalid, shuffling through a routine so featureless, and suffering blows so catastrophic, that only numbness keeps them sane. Miss Dunn presents their speech and behavior with an appalling implacability that is the "art" of her work; she intensifies the meager content of her material by limiting the field. Erskine Caldwell pointed out years ago that the most banal scene takes on a kind of magic when viewed through a knothole. Miss Dunn knows the trick.

Mr. Loach does not. Instead of focusing down on the script, he tints it and fluffs it and fills its background with all kinds of "interesting" furniture and walk-on characters until it looks more like fashion photography than hard-core poverty. There is a rousing bout of cops and robbers (whereby the heroine loses her husband), a stern judicial scene (whereby she loses her lover), there is a hot embrace under a waterfall, there are sheep in a meadow, old women eating ice cream cones, a voyeurs' photography workshop ("Can we have it just a bit more off the shoulder, Miss?"), the sociology of the pub and the cunning habits of the sturdy boy whose first moments we stumbled in upon at the opening and who thrives surprisingly on a diet of fried potatoes and neglect.

These matters are sufficiently photogenic in a travelogue sort of way, but what the film is about is the life of a slum girl who is too indolent to work and incapable of making the grade as a prostitute because she persists in giving away her stock in trade. Miss White, all spruce and quick and with a new hair style in almost every scene, is obviously not that girl.

It requires genius to make drama out of vacuity (you must be at least as talented as Beckett), and I doubt that there was ever much chance for the idea behind *Poor Cow*. But the worst possible way to go about it was to tart up the script with pop jollification and the attendant fashions of subtitles and direct address of the audience, pretending that the result is either theatre or life. This is not a movie; it is a waxworks.

TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

The A.B.C. television network has announced that it would not cover the national conventions this summer from gavel to gavel. Instead, A.B.C. plans to telecast ninety minutes of nightly highlights. It is the first time since 1952, the first year of network television, that any of the three commercial networks will not telecast the Presidential conventions from beginning to end.

The A.B.C. move was dictated by a major cutback in its news budget after the collapse of the company's planned merger with the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. A.B.C. will save an estimated $3 million by curtailing convention coverage for which, at the time of announcement, it did not have a sponsor. A.B.C. is a poor third in the three-way network competition for both audience and advertisers. C.B.S., second since 1960, does not yet

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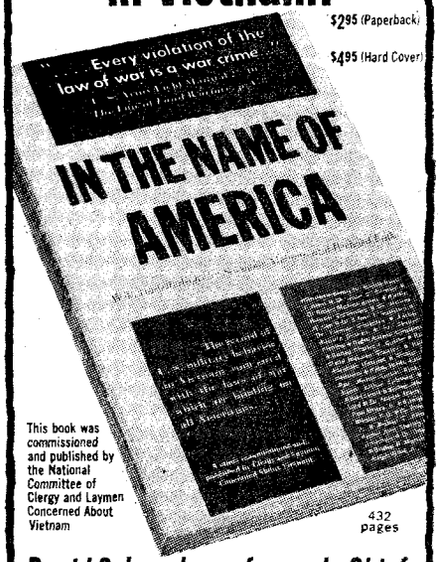
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have its convention coverage fully sponsored; N.B.C., the front runner, does.

A.B.C.'s action means that this year's continuous live convention coverage may be television's last. These quadrennial shows have not been good journalism or good business; they reflect the anxiety of all three networks not to alienate either major political party. Now the gentlemen's agreement not to compete for the big audience during the conventions has been broken. If, as expected, A.B.C.'s regular or special early evening entertainment programs during the convention weeks run away with the major audience (local entertainment programs have always rated well against network political coverage), C.B.S. and N.B.C. will have to respond to the competition. Once a struggle for the big audience is started in what has been noncompetitive, public service time, the end is predictable.

There are those in television, journalism and politics who will not mourn the eventual commercial network abandonment of gavel-to-gavel convention coverage. Some argue that the networks don't really provide such coverage anyway, most of the time being spent by correspondents talking with one another or to potential news makers off the convention floor. Others point out the enormous duplicative waste and lack of viewer choice in having three networks at the conventions from oyez to amen. More waste is cited when the three networks fully cover conventions of little news value. The in-the-bag Goldwater and Johnson nominations of 1964, for instance, hardly required full, on-the-spot coverage.

Still others maintain that how the networks cover the conventions is their own journalistic business, but that a television seat at the conventions should be provided the nation's voters. Full convention coverage is a public service, not a journalistic decision. Free enterprise did not create the situation of three-network coverage of conventions; a tacit understanding among the networks did.

A.B.C. has acted cautiously, conservatively and unimaginatively in this matter. Its decision to provide ninety minutes of convention coverage nightly is a careful retrenchment designed not to offend the Democratic and Republican National Committees. If it had announced entertainment programing, interrupted by convention coverage when warranted by the news, it would have been professionally faultless, and would also have had better options. Some convention nights are so dull that a few minutes are all that are necessary.

The A.B.C. move does threaten to open again that family closet last unlocked by Fred W. Friendly when he resigned as C.B.S. news president two years ago because his network thought its interests better served by sponsored reruns of *I Love Lucy* than by unsponsored coverage of Senate Foreign Relation Committee hearings on Vietnam. Perhaps the Congress will finally be stung into facing the question of whether such an attitude is adequate to the task of keeping the American people informed when it sees its national conventions relegated to routine coverage on regularly scheduled network news programs.

LETTERS *(continued from page 226)*

a catharsis, when in fact the Dec. 6 demonstration Swanston discusses reflected the total breakdown of communication and trust between radicals and administration. The student-Left charge that the convocation was co-optation Shover dismisses as a kind of block on the way to the convocation. But Windmiller stated in print that one reason for the convocation was the need to avoid a violent confrontation between military recruiters and student activists.

Windmiller most recently led the academic lynching of Prof. John Gerassi for participating in the Dec. 6 incident. Gerassi's action resulted in his being fired by President John Summerskill over the head of a faculty committee appointed by the executive committee of the academic senate. The faculty committee decision—it has been widely leaked throughout campus—was to reinstate Gerassi 3 to 1. Windmiller's *mystique* of the autonomous university is not only unhistorical but is shattered by the presence of the military-industrial complex on campus. In leading Gerassi's dismissal, Windmiller obviously attaches more importance to the military standards he condemns in his article—power, obedience, centralization of authority—than the academic values he advocates: truth, skepticism, tolerance and mental discipline. Unlike other less liberal institutions which have barred military recruiters from campus, at State, ROTC and war recruiting go their merry way, the administration relying on PR from sympathetic faculty for a veneer of freedom.

The title of David Swanston's article, "How to Wreck a Campus," is tendentious to begin with. What kind of urban campus is it that had 11 per cent black student enrollment three years ago, and now has 3 per cent? SF State handled the Experimental College as other universities have: finances it, uses it and then pulls its teeth. Furthermore, it remains to be seen whether campus activists work without mass student support, since Summerskill recently acted as State College system henchman by signing warrants for the arrest of eleven students and one faculty (Gerassi) who participated in the Dec. 6 protest. All those under complaint are campus activists, out of over 300 involved in the demonstration. Swanston's description of what happened at State is simply blown out of proportion. He says that there are four versions of the *Gater* incident but earlier accepts *Gater*'s own interpretation, whereas no one knows what happened in the newspaper office—a fact Swanston conveniently ignores, along with the presumption that accused are presumed innocent. If. Dec. 6 occurred as Swanston tells it, San Francisco police chief Cahill would have had to come on campus with uniformed police (plainclothes men and police photographers were ubiquitous that day). The quality of radical leadership at the college is very high; so high that radical organizations refuse any longer to be deceived by the administration. The split on campus is not between Left-Right but between the supporters and critics of Summerskill—i.e., between the advocates and opponents of liberal bureaucracy, exemplified by Windmiller's friend Summerskill attempting to sell his paternalistic methods of student council to the State College Board of Trustees. Summerskill pleaded before Reagan & Co. that his methods were more effective than other means of student control. He said he had worked to isolate radicals from other students by granting some demands and denying more substantial ones.

Common to all three whitewashes is the liberal myth of San Francisco State College as an island of freedom in an unclean world, personified by attentive President John Summerskill. If nothing else, the firing of John Gerassi and the signing of the twelve warrants indicate that SF State is not only in but of the world.

Richard Fitzgerald, History Department
Anatole Anton, Philosophy Department

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The Swanston piece on San Francisco State (where I teach) is the one really accurate piece of reporting and speculation I have seen. It is a fine and just report.

Kay Boyle

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Friendly Dissuasion

NATHAN SILVER

Mr. Silver is an American architect who teaches at the Cambridge University School of Architecture. He is architecture critic of the New Statesman.

Cambridge, England

DEAR SIRS: I was gratified at the space you gave to Stephen Zoll's review of my book *Lost New York* [*The Nation*, December 25]. Then I was stunned to see Mr. Zoll go on for most of his piece discussing things remote from the book's central objective, which was the presentation of a record, some souvenirs of lost architecture. I'm tempted to claim that the polemical message he finds in the book is a complete surprise to me, but since he has read my words as well as looked at the pictures, that's probably as useless as a smuggler looking innocent when a load of watches are discovered in his traveler's bag. Mr. Zoll heard the ticking among my souvenirs, and I may as well come clean.

Well then, I *do* believe that the right way for change to occur in existing cities is by changing the weakest elements. I even suggested a means test for old buildings: usefulness, with use measured, ultimately, by an appraisal of relevance of the particular human endeavor to the uniqueness of the place (just to take matters beyond a strictly functionalist or economic rating). These are rather romantic-sounding phrases, clearly conservative (no politics implied) in their nature. But though I put them tentatively, relevance of endeavor and uniqueness of place could well be the basis for some necessary community standards about fitness in urban building.

We can't pretend any concern about the man-made world and all the props and scenery of existence unless some values are asserted with respect for change—it is to be hoped that such values would also give their due to progress and enrichment, as well as protection against culture-shock. Behind this is my belief that continuity is not only expedient but essential in any existing city; all the long argument about what is or isn't useful then naturally follows. Continuity? Of course. And not only for nostalgia's sake. Re-uses of buildings aren't "against the logic of history," as Zoll says: for all its changing, New York—like most present cities—is predominantly a 19th-century city. Survival of so many old buildings in prosperous New York is at least circumstantial evidence of continuing vitality and good use. If the old-law tenements deny it, they always did—the brownstones, brick row houses and loft buildings affirm it. We haven't lost many of the old things we still can use. If we go on valuing them, why not identify and conserve them?

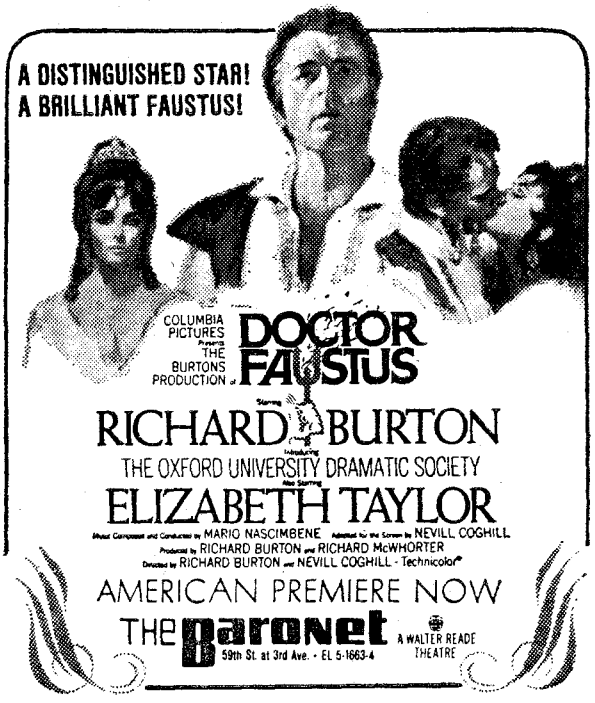
Le Corbusier in *When the Cathedrals Were White*, which I discussed and Zoll cites, found New York a nice place to visit because he was always surprised by the changes. From this Le Corbusier concluded that everything could and ought to be begun again: that the permanent condition of New York was change. But, save the master, it's a disastrously incomplete canon. The permanent "condition" of any existing place is both continuity and change. Failure to see the continuity part of things is a terrible blind spot that we have been inheriting for several generations now. And, to digress only slightly, the blind spot is currently manifesting itself in fields of invention and production other than urban building. A writer in a recent issue of the British magazine *Design* says this:

> What do we see if we take a bird's eye view of our efforts, as engineers, architects, planners and industrial designers, to influence the recent course of human evolution? Taking as examples such things as cars, trains, electric [appliances], houses, dishwashers and the like, we see a series of products, services and buildings that are *well suited* to their markets but *ill suited* to the conditions brought about by their use.

The writer goes on to cite commercially successful cars which cause congestion and delays and a growing number of deaths and injuries, new housing developments inhibiting social contacts and creating loneliness, dishwashers too noisy to use in open plan houses, electrical appliances causing power cuts if used simultaneously, and so on. He concludes that present design techniques deal well with the situation that exists before a product is launched, but fail to take account of the situation that is created by the "new thing."

This difficulty is analogous, if not identical, to the problem that has come up in cities. Somehow the notion has taken hold that change is the only thing worth our concern and effort, so we have enthusiastically developed a planning machinery that is rigidly bent on replacement, instead of one that is exploratory and flexible. Even when it is operating piecemeal, the result is often a conflict where the ongoing environment is chafed and stung by changes, and these exasperated sites in their weakness fall victim to further change. The whole current process is a good example of the British writer's point about designs that are well suited to the market, but ill suited to make the best of the new situation. And the new situation, of course, should come about while being thrifty of resources—material and human—if it is to have true value.

When I mention "planning," I mean not only the work done by a bunch of professionals with zoning maps and T-squares but the schemes for all kinds of urban development. In New York most of the city is at the disposal of private owners, no matter how much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they are subtly influenced by government powers (back to that in a moment), and Zoll rightly devotes considerable attention to the economics of development. He views the increase of land value as the root cause of demolition. In my book I made an effort to consider all sorts of indications of potential change: neglect, fashions in land values, expendability, specialization, new technical and management requirements, changing cultural values. Barely half of my items are related to land appreciation, but I would gladly compliment Zoll's notion that this is the cause of present urban change if that was as far as he took it. (The proposition is at least arguable. Curiosity about this role of land appreciation in demolition has just led me to make a little content analysis on the buildings in *Lost New York*—buildings which I originally somewhat arbitrarily selected on the basis of a personal appraisal of merit or interest. I judged "land appreciation" as the main reason for demolition in sixty-six cases, with "any other reasons" accounting for sixty-one. Ten or more were in doubt. "Any other reasons" included all things that lost their uses most precisely due to factors other than, or in advance of, land appreciation, even if it could be claimed that land appreciation ultimately cleared the site. This seemed fair. "Land appreciation" was the overwhelming cause of replacement of houses and churches, but since a *new use for the land* almost always appeared first, this might be called the root cause. I favor mixed use, but to preserve mixture in the face of unequal economic power there could be a lesson here about the merits of *persistent* use zoning.)

Zoll goes much further, simplifying change as a classic conflict. He sees the buildings illustrated in *Lost New York* as "a heartbreaking list of casualties in the battle between the economic flux-mongers and the cultural order-doctrinaires." The orderlies in one camp at the doctrinaire flagpole are people interested in "*imposing* order," maintaining that "excellence should be *immutable*," concerned about the "*morality* of change." (I emphasize the categorical set-up words.) The other camp holds the fluxionaries, presumably a more progressive lot because while New York wantonly destroys itself it also (but as a result?) creates more jobs, a larger tax base and greater services for its citizens. The dichotomy is absurd, though I won't belabor it except to note that culture is not at all something you either opt for, or out of. Culture would prevail if either of Zoll's warring camps won. In New York especially, it is just safer to show concern rather than indifference. Culture is the meaning of Mumford's " in the city, time becomes visible," which *doesn't* describe secondary characteristics.

Developers do develop and Zoll equates their reflexes with progress, or at least justifies them by saying that "New York *is* a monument to money." Behind the progress equation lies the fallacy that continuity somehow obstructs change. His justification worries me even more. Economic growth has luckily been true for New York so far, though there are many signs that a shift is occurring and there are plenty of cities where growth has stopped. Financial incentive for development is no excuse for a laissez-faire attitude toward what sort of development takes place. At present (I quote myself), "government powers exist not only in overt planning, but covertly influence every property decision. . . . But proper application of powers is everything." Through our systems of zoning, taxes, building and fire and health regulations, rent control, planning and preservation laws, we already do indeed determine where land shall appreciate. The trouble is that the powers are contradictory where they could be uniformly in support of public policy.

There are plenty of historical examples of cities that prospered with intensive controls exercised over urban land. Medieval guilds imposed authority on vast urban tracts; London has resisted radical change partly because central land has been leased rather than sold. The merits or faults of these systems needn't concern us here: the point is that there have been and will yet be, many kinds of successful urban economic structures. To insist that an unregulated land market (if we could ever return to one!) would always be best for progress, economic advance or advantageous city form is about the same as saying that Victorian family life ought always to be the model for society.

Continuity and change, control and laissez-faire—my little marginal polemic in *Lost New York* boils down to a belief that individual goals and objectives in a city must not conflict with community goals and objectives, or else must be subordinated to them. I presented a case for some of those objectives; I think it's no good for Zoll to pretend that we haven't any community goals besides getting rich. If I read him wrongly about that, at least I wish he would have recognized the forces that do already manipulate urban land economics. We have them now. We might be able to rebuild the slums he mentions and obtain the mortgages he wants, harnessing economic enterprise in the bargain, solely by wielding those forces intelligently; at the moment it seems to me we are ignoring what they could do for us, and what they are doing to us.

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